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EDITORIAL

IT'S AN EVIL, EVIL WORLD

Few can fault President Reagan's expertise in the practice of demonic arts, at least as they are applied to preparations for mass destruction or the impoverishment of the multitudes at home and abroad. But his descriptive powers on the subject are weak and thin. The very worst words he could summon about the great Satan in the East (in Orlando, Florida, before a convention of parsons, no less) named the Soviet Union as "the focus of evil in the modern world."

Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour! Consider the poet's warning of the Devil's hegemonic intent, as confided by Adam to Eve in that bosky biblical Oval Office known as Eden:

> . . . for thou know'st
> . . . what malicious Foe
> Envying our happiness, and of his own
> Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
> By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
> Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
> His wish and best advantage. . . .

Unfortunately, the President is neither poet nor theologian, and his attempts to demonize his ideological foe carried neither the force of moral law nor the conviction of art. Instead, his approach merely demonstrated the grinding poverty of his politics—and worse, the dangerous temper of his leadership. It is not only that Reagan misapplies his religious metaphors to mundane matters. To his worldwide audience beyond the evangelical clerics, he now appears to be teetering on the edge of fundamentalist fantasy, at a time when the great issues of war, weapons and tyranny are in negotiation.

There is evil everywhere in this world, and at the very least its focus is multinational. The President would better fight the Foe by doing good—in Geneva, in Central America, in his own embattled Eden—than by ranting to the self-righteous right and the moralistic minority.

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THE C.I.A.'S SECRET TIES TO LOCAL POLICE

PHILIP H. MELANSON

Two years ago, President Reagan signed Executive Order 12333, "unleashing" the Central Intelligence Agency to conduct domestic intelligence operations. Civil libertarians have rightly criticized the order for creating the danger of a police state in which the C.I.A., acting on its own or through local police forces, will seek to suppress dissent.

What has not been fully reported is the extent to which the agency has in the past worked with police departments in American cities. If the past is prologue, the President's order not only gives a cachet of legitimacy to such cooperation; it also will encourage its expansion.

Executive Order 12333 authorizes the C.I.A. to conduct "administrative and technical support activities *within* and outside the United States. . . ." (Emphasis added.) This is coupled with a sweeping authorization for all intelligence agencies to "cooperate with appropriate law enforcement agencies for the purpose of protecting the employees, information, property and facilities of any agency within the intelligence community." Moreover, intelligence agencies can, under certain circumstances, "participate in law enforcement activities to investigate or prevent clandestine intelligence activities by foreign powers, or international terrorist or narcotics activities."

Prior to this order, it was widely believed that the C.I.A.'s charter, which states that the agency shall exercise no "police, subpoena, or law enforcement powers or internal security functions," barred it from involvement in domestic security matters. When Congress approved

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LETTERS.

DISARMAMENT AND HUMAN RIGHTS

Springfield, Mo.

In his article ["END and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive,'" *The Nation*, Feb. 26], E.P. Thompson accuses some antinuclear activists of "sleepwalking" into dependence on phony Soviet peace initiatives. "What," he asks, "can possibly be wrong with this plethora of Soviet peace proposals? In many cases they are good, and to the advantage of the people on both sides. What is wrong is what the proposals do not offer. . . . " They do not offer to "set nations free from their client status," to improve human rights practices, to move toward freedom in the Soviet sphere or to open the Soviet Union to the free flow of Western ideas. In short, Soviet peace proposals do not offer to put an end to the Soviet political system. Should this be so surprising?

"I am not proposing," says Thompson, "some cold war linkage between disarmament and human rights. Our refusal of nuclear weapons has always been unconditional: no one in the peace movement has ever said that this demand is dependent on any prior condition whatsoever. . . . "

Unfortunately, this is exactly what he *does* propose. In so doing, Thompson helps to prepare the ground for the failure of the antinuclear movement, whose strength lies precisely and explicitly in its limited objective: to end the grave danger that nuclear weapons pose to all life on this earth. This is an objective that is clearly in the interest of all the world's peoples, of whatever political persuasion. To add other goals that neither superpower can embrace without a revolutionary change in its political system is to condemn the antinuclear movement to futility.

Manford F. Ettinger

'CUT THE BLATHER,' ANDROPOV

Cambridge, Mass.

E.P. Thompson's "END and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive' " is a curious combination of political insight and illusion. On the one hand, he now appears to agree with some of his critics that (1) the Soviet Union most emphatically does seek to draw political benefits from its nuclear arsenal aimed at Western Europe, i.e., split the Western alliance and consolidate control over Eastern Europe; (2) that in pursuit of this goal, the Soviet peace offensive seeks to capitalize on Western fears of nuclear war; (3) that no genuine peace movements are tolerated in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, and hence there are no internal popular pressures on the regimes to disarm; and (4) that as long as the Russians believe that Western public opinion may turn against Western nuclear policy, they have no reason to negotiate seriously in Geneva.

In this situation, it seems that the only way to thwart these Soviet intentions and to keep alive the possibility of disarmament is the NATO double-track decision to deploy missiles if arms-control negotiations do not succeed. But Thompson rejects this decision as yet another step in the corrupt nuclear game of the superpowers. No diplomacy, no deterrence—just the people, the "we" who have a new consciousness beyond the lies and blundering of statesmen and politicians. This "we" will say to the Russians, "Please cut the blather and start dismantling the first SS-20s. Now."

It is trite but true: in politics, good intentions are not enough. When the Russians do not cut the blather in the face of Thompson's eloquence or massive demonstrations at Russian embassies (not a bad idea), what then? Then, as Thompson and END have made abundantly clear, the peace movements in the West should still oppose the stationing of cruise and Pershing 2 missiles. The dictatorships do not have to listen to the people. The democracies do. Thompson would deny to the democracies their primary leverage on the Russian dictatorship—the deployment of the cruise and Pershing 2 missiles.

Whatever his intentions, however wide-awake he may be concerning the nature of the Soviet regime, the result of Thompson's position would be to maintain the current military imbalance in Europe that favors the Soviet Union. In effect, if not in intent, it is a recipe for unilateral disarmament. As the French Socialists are demonstrating, there is nothing reactionary in sustaining the military balance today in the hopes of reducing the levels of nuclear and conventional weapons in the future. Nuclear deterrence and arms control are more prosaic than the "cultural sea change" Thompson proposes. But his own argument illustrates the futility of moral appeals to the Soviet Union combined with rejection of Western military policies.

Jeffrey Herf

IF THOMPSON IS OUR FRIEND . . .

Hancock, Mass.

E.P. Thompson has convinced himself that Soviet peace initiatives, including a unilateral no-first-strike pledge and calls for a nuclear weapons freeze, the prohibition of nuclear weapons tests and the establishment of nuclear-free zones, are merely devices useful to the Soviet Union's "entrenched military interests." The real ends of Soviet policy, he warns naïve, meddlesome peace enthusiasts, are hegemonic: the dismantlement of NATO and the extension of Soviet influence. It has an all too familiar ring. But coming from the heart of the European peace movement, the argument is presumably legitimate, whereas coming from Western establishment sources, it is immediately suspect as imperialist rhetoric.

Nation readers will recall the article "A Nuclear *Samizdat* on America's Arms Race," by Roy and Zhores Medvedev [Jan. 16, 1982], which examined and demolished Thompson's "twin superpowers" thesis. The Medvedevs dealt with the Soviet arms buildup—in their view determined by long-standing Soviet defense needs—and with Thompson's view that the Kremlin is run by a power-mad military elite—a supposition not tenable given the structure and inherent controls of the ruling Soviet bureaucracy. Are they wrong? Instead of refuting their evidence, Thompson does not deign even to acknowledge the existence of their criticism—the most important aspect of which was to demonstrate the absence of any historical perspective in his analysis. The arms race has a history, an inner logic; it cannot be understood as an abstract thing in itself, divorced from events.

The peace movement is making headway against a tide of anti-Soviet propaganda nearly forty years in the making. Having achieved a victory for a freeze in the House of Representatives despite this impediment, it must cope with "friends" whose advice contributes to the fears and prejudices against which the movement is struggling. When frightened cold warriors urge us to try to understand Soviet fears and necessities, when senators, doctors, teachers and plain people everywhere begin to do that and call for disarmament, what cause does Thompson serve by trying to prove how wrong they are?

Richard M. Schneer

STALIN, HITLER IN DEAD HEAT

New York City

Stephen F. Cohen's otherwise unexceptional "Sovieticus" in the March 17 *Nation* suffers from a distortion—perhaps subconscious—that still afflicts too many. Cohen writes:

> The Stalin controversy grows out of the dual nature of his long rule, from 1929 to 1953. Pro-Stalin citizens remember the country's towering achievements under his strong leadership: the Soviet Union became an industrial society, defeated the mighty Nazi invader in World War II and rose to rival the United States as a world power.

While Cohen is careful to attribute most of the evaluation to "pro-Stalin citizens," can one imagine a *Nation* author referring to the "dual nature" of Hitler's rule—that he built the autobahns, defeated unemployment, etc., etc., etc.? In numbers of slain, Stalin and Hitler possess equal credentials. Moreover, they were allies until Hitler attacked the Soviet Union.

The malignity of totalitarianism is not derived from the colors under which it rules, whether red or brown, and the sooner commentators shed the practice of distinction, the better informed we shall be.

Morris B. Abram

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EDITORIALS.

Slack Guidelines

The loudest noise from the Washington bureaucracy this month was the sound of screws tightening on the First Amendment. To begin with, there is the new set of guidelines for F.B.I. surveillance of "violence-prone" groups. These rules are radically less sensitive to constitutional guarantees than were the old formulations, put forth seven years ago by Attorney General Edward Levi during the Ford Administration.

Then there are President Reagan's sweeping strictures on "leak-prone" government employees—those who discuss disagreeable issues with nosy newspeople, or blow whistles to Congressional aides. Employees in some sixty government agencies that handle secret information must submit to lie detector tests if so commanded, or risk dismissal. Moreover, they must sign secrecy pledges as a condition of employment. The order applies to all the agencies' workers, whether they handle secrets or not.

The new F.B.I. guidelines contain three particularly dangerous provisions. The first gives the Feds the go-ahead to launch a full-scale investigation—not merely a tasteful inquiry—on the basis of a group's "advocacy of" or "apparent intent to engage in crime, particularly crimes of violence." The old rules required a finding of more substantial wrongdoing than the use of strong words; that is, "speech plus" actions. Now surveillance and investigation can start on the basis of "speech alone." For instance, the F.B.I. can investigate a student group and its members who advocate

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nonregistration for the draft—a felony. Of course such an investigation could chill the dickens out of the group's enthusiasm for speaking freely on such a vital subject.

Second, the rules let the F.B.I. poke around on the basis of the merest allegations of criminal intent. The Levi guidelines required that the Bureau first have solid facts about a group's lawbreaking intentions. Now the government can begin investigating (read: hounding and harassing) a group advocating nuclear disarmament if it announces plans to sit-in at a missile site, with only a flimsy tip that the demonstrators are prepared to trespass on Defense Department property.

Finally, the F.B.I. is allowed to amass a dossier, with all the potential for intrusion of privacy and political annoyance that entails, on groups, without reference to any criminal "predicate"; previously it could investigate only for a specific, direct object—to stop the commission of a crime or an act of violence. Now the F.B.I. can start a file on any group it fancies, period.

President Reagan's pervasive plumbing operation has equally distressing implications. The bio-mechanization of loyalty is unworthy of a government that is supposed to earn allegiance by its adherence to the ideals of individual freedom and democratic autonomy. Also, officials will need permission to write about their experiences, however long they have been out of government employ. Putting the screws on public servants' exercise of free speech in the areas most familiar to them will only demoralize them and shield bad policies from scrutiny. But we are not absolutists on the subject. A pragmatic compromise on the civil liberties issue might be possible—and entertaining, as well—if Reagan agreed to submit to the same controls as his employees, to make all his leaks in public and to take a lie detector test after each of his press conferences, on nationwide TV.

The System Saved

The rescue of Social Security had all the elements of an old-fashioned melodrama. The nasty villain—curiously depersonalized as Mounting Deficits or Demography—threatens to foreclose the old Social Security homestead. Pundits and Responsible Businessmen call for Responsible Measures. The chorus swells—books, articles, newspaper stories warn of the approaching "bankruptcy" of the Old Folks' Trust Fund and of a Dickensian future in which young workers groan under the burden of supporting hordes of greedy old folks. Public-spirited bankers prophesy the imminent decline of the United States as an economic power if the hemorrhage of entitlement payments is not staunched immediately. Then—organ crescendo—the President's bipartisan Commission on Social Security Reform to the rescue! The system is saved until 2020!

Well, it was thrilling while it lasted—but is it too impertinent to throw a few onions, now that Congress seems virtually certain to enact the commission's recommendations into law? Not that the rescue package is all bad. The provisions that hitch pensions to the rate of growth of wages make sense, and we have no problems with the taxation of benefits for the upper-income elderly, the investment of Social Security funds at the market rate of interest or the curtailment of "double dipping." And so long as unions are left free to negotiate supplemental pension benefits, the idea of bringing new government workers and nonprofit organizations under Social Security is a step in the right direction.

But what are we to make of a "compromise" that cuts benefits, raises the retirement age and increases taxes for low-paid workers? A compromise that places the entire burden of saving the system on the shoulders of the working people it was set up to benefit smacks of another of the Administration's schemes to preserve the capital of the rich while making working people pick up the tab.

The success of the maneuver is due to the use of a time-honored political tactic: defining the problem in terms of the most politically acceptable solution. In this case the problem was the "imminent bankruptcy" of the Social Security trust fund. Actually, the trust fund is a bookkeeping fiction, invented with the system, in the 1930s, to encourage wage earners to think of it as money set aside for them. Once they had "their" pension fund, they would not mind supporting it with their payroll deductions. More important, they would not raise embarrassing demands that general tax revenues be used for this purpose. Thus the rich were let off from paying taxes to support the elderly. The workers had "their" system—so long as they footed the bill.

The trust fund, however, is not the same as a private pension plan in which dollars withheld from wages or profits go into a special fund that is invested and the returns used to pay retirement benefits. Many workers have learned to their sorrow that such funds can indeed go bankrupt—or the money can be lost, stolen or badly invested.

As every schoolchild knows (we hope), Social Security operates on a "pay as you go" basis. Rather than building up a reserve, it relies on the government's authority to tax for its source of funds. The taxes wage earners pay into the system are used to pay retired workers, and when the workers who have paid into the system retire, they are supported by younger workers.

In the debate over how to save Social Security, the bookkeeping fiction of a separate trust fund remained *virgo intacta*. At no point was the possibility of tapping general revenues seriously raised. Yet if tax dollars can be used to pay for Trident submarines or President Reagan's trips to his California ranch, they can certainly be used to keep Social Security afloat.

But raising taxes is poison to true believers in Reaganomics, which remains the state religion in bad times and in good. Then, too, the idea of making up Social Security's deficits out of budget appropriations collided with another sacred cow, the Administration's massive arms buildup. Since military demands are deemed untouchable—or only trimmable here and there—and since a revision making the tax system more progressive is ruled out, there was no alternative but to sock it to the workers.

Some other myths were floated during the Great Nondebate that deserve puncturing before they ascend to the Great Hall

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of American Political Wisdom. First there was the myth of the appalling tax load future workers will have to shoulder when the baby-boom generation of the 1960s reaches retirement age, in the 2020s. It is true that the elderly will make up about 14 percent of the population in the twenty-first century, compared with 11 percent now. But a better measure of the burden the young workers of that era will bear is the total number of dependents in the population—not only old people but children. If dependent children are factored in, the statistical picture does not look so gloomy. In the 1960s, some 40 percent of the population was not of working age (they were either children or over 65). In the 2000s, however, nonworkers will account for only about 30 percent of the population, if birth rates continue their slight decline. The number of dependents per worker, demographers predict, will fall from 1.5 in 1970 to roughly 1.3 by 2025.

We must add the caveat that all demographic forecasting is a highly uncertain business. Yet the reformers based all their projections about the system's impending troubles on guesses about future economic growth rates, productivity levels, wage rates, fertility rates and the like. There is no reason we should accept Council of Economic Advisers chairman Martin Feldstein's prediction of what the situation of wage earners will be in 2020, when he is still revising his December economic growth forecasts for the current quarter.

Finally, there is an argument made by Feldstein and others that rising Social Security benefits for the elderly hurt economic growth. According to this argument, the prospect of fat retirement checks from Social Security prevents workers from saving for their old age—meaning less investment funds available for business expansion. But this is moonshine. Many European countries with more comprehensive social insurance programs than the United States' have higher growth rates. Also, if workers can look forward to a long period of retirement, they are likely to increase their savings. And people who are assured that they can count on Social Security benefits will take some of the money they would have put aside for retirement and leave it to their children.

So before Ronald Reagan, in the role of Harry Hero, signs the Social Security revisions into law, thus saving the old homestead, let us remind ourselves that *The Bipartisan Rescue of Social Security* could have had a different plot. Perhaps Americans will demand more realism and less claptrap from their political theater when the next extravaganza premieres: *The Bipartisan Rescue of Medicare.*

Papa and the Feds

The following story by Ernest Hemingway was sent via Parnassus Post. It was obviously prompted by an article by Jeffrey Meyers in The New York Review of Books *and a story by Herbert Mitgang in* The New York Times. *Meyers describes the inordinate interest the Federal Bureau of Investigation took in Hemingway, beginning in the 1940s when Papa recruited Spanish Loyalist refugees for an ad hoc intelligence service, called the "Crook Factory," to investigate pro-Nazi Falangists living in Cuba, and went out in his boat to look for German submarines. J. Edgar Hoover himself became interested in Hemingway's activities—which were reported to him in gossipy detail by Raymond Leddy, an F.B.I. man stationed in Havana—and sought to discredit him at every opportunity, calling him a Communist and saying that he drank too much. The F.B.I.'s Hemingway file, which Meyers obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, continued until the author's death. Indeed, agents trailed him to the Mayo Clinic when he went there shortly before his suicide, suffering from, among other things, "delusions" that the F.B.I. was following him.*

That April the days were very fine and Gustavo and I would go to Joe's in the afternoon after trolling for the Nazi sharks on the Pilar, and we would drink the frozen daiquiris. Manuel would always greet us the same way.

"*Hola*! The big fisherman. What lies do you tell today?"

"Son of a *puta*," Gustavo would say. "I obscenity in thy mother's milk."

One day we arrived late, after the sun had dipped below the embarcadero.

"Two of your obscenity limeades," I called to Manuel. "And use the *añejo* rum, not your bar obscenity."

"Papa, you drink too much," somebody said.

Raymond Leddy was sitting in the shadows at the end of the bar. He was a weasel in a wrinkled pongee suit. He sweated a lot.

"You're always hanging around," Gustavo said to him. "Does your *jefe* Hoover tell you to cling to Ernesto's skirts like a child?"

Leddy swallowed hard. "Hoover? What do you mean, Hoover?"

"I hate the F.B.I.s," Manuel said. "Shall I throw this F.B.I. out, Ernesto?"

"Let the F.B.I. stay," I said. "Tell your *jefe* Hoover that he is a fat old kewpie with woman's breasts. Tell him he is worse than a blackmailer. Tell him he is a hyena who feeds on the offal of other men's lives. Tell him he is a *maricón*. Tell him it is none of his bloody business what I drink or what I do for my country or what I write. Tell him in fascist countries the secret police keep dossiers on writers. Tell him I obscenity on his bald head."

Leddy licked his lips with the tip of his tongue. He looked like a rat gnawing its trapped leg.

"You shouldn't say those things about the Chief, Papa," he said. "You're a big, tough guy now but someday we'll find you when you're not so tough . . . "

I never saw Leddy again but there were others and at the end, when I was feeling bad and could already taste the gunmetal, one of his kind found me. Now that bloody Hoover's in the grave, maybe they have stopped their bloody tricks. Wouldn't it be pretty to think so.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

Richard Lingeman is executive editor of The Nation.

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DISPATCHES.

■ MOROCCO: To Catch a King

If survival is a criterion of political stability, then His Majesty King Mohammed Hassan II can claim a stable monarchy. But his twenty-two-year reign has not been a placid one. Ever since he succeeded his father, Hassan has been plagued by palace intrigue, sexual scandal and assassination plots. In the early 1960s, Enrico Mattei, the late Italian oil entrepreneur, provided an insight into the young monarch's political astuteness. Asked why Hassan had recently bought Soviet aircraft, Mattei explained, "The King had accepted other gifts previously, such as a beautiful girl and a private airplane from the French. He was, in fact, accused in many circles in Morocco of being pro-French and pro-American, and he had perhaps taken these Soviet aircraft in order to placate the opposition."

The opposition has never been placated. In 1971, an attempt was made on Hassan's life at his royal birthday party. And in August 1972, one of Hassan's palace confidants, Gen. Mohamed Oufkir, tried to shoot down the royal jet while the King was flying home from France.

Apparently, Hassan nipped another plot in the bud last month. The London-based magazine *Middle East International* reports that the commander of the royal guards, one Colonel Bouarat, was arrested in early February along with a number of army officers stationed at the Rabat-Salé military base. On the heels of these arrests, Hassan's chief military adviser and diplomatic vizier, Gen. Ahmed Dlimi, was killed in a car crash.

Dlimi had been a close aide to Hassan for more than twenty years. In 1965 he was implicated in the kidnapping and murder of Moroccan opposition leader Mehdi Ben Barka in France. In the 1970s he helped plan the Moroccan military expeditions in Zaire and the Western Sahara. The rumor mill has it, however, that Dlimi had turned against the King and that his death was no accident. The recent expulsion of *Le Monde*'s Mahgreb correspondent, who was the first journalist to question publicly the official version of the crash, fueled speculation in Rabat that a major coup attempt was in the offing.

Dlimi may have aligned himself with elements in the Moroccan Army who favor a negotiated settlement with the Algerian-backed Polisario Front in the Western Sahara. The war has reached a stalemate and has drained the royal treasury. The Saudis have been financing the war to the tune of $2 billion a year, but with the recent sharp decline in oil prices, Riyadh may scale down its support.

Hassan's political situation appears bleak. The conservative London publication *The Economist Intelligence Unit* comments: "While the opposition parties are at one with the government on the Saharan issue itself (even the Communist Party supports annexation), the country's economic difficulties may yet precipitate a political crisis, forcing the government to rid itself of the problem once and for all in an attempt to reduce its financial commitments and lower the political temperature."

Either that, or Hassan won't survive the next coup.

■ BRAZIL: Unburied Body

As head of the Serviço Nacional de Informacões (S.N.I.), Brazil's powerful internal security force, Gen. Octávio de Aguiar Medeiros presumably knows where all the bodies are buried, which may have helped his presidential ambitions. But a body that didn't get buried washed up on a beach in Rio de Janeiro last October and triggered a political scandal that may put an end to them.

The body, which had three bullet holes, was that of Alexandre von Baumgarten, right-wing journalist and publisher of the defunct magazine *O Cruzeiro*. Von Baumgarten had predicted that he would be murdered. In a letter dated January 28, 1981, copies of which were sent to friends, he wrote: "It is clear that a decision to get rid of me has been taken by the internal security forces. My only doubt is whether this decision was taken at the very top, by General Medeiros, or at the level of his subordinate, General Newton de Araújo Oliveira e Cruz, head of the S.N.I. central agency."

Von Baumgarten also left behind a dossier containing damaging information he had compiled about General Medeiros and the S.N.I., which was published in *Veja*, Brazil's biggest newsweekly. In it he described how the S.N.I. had influenced the government to award a lucrative forest clearance contract to Capemi, a military pension fund, with profits from the operation going to finance Medeiros's presidential campaign.

Brazilian journalists were inclined to believe von Baumgarten's story, for his posthumous bombshell confirmed what they had long suspected: he was working for S.N.I., which had been *O Cruzeiro*'s main financial backer in return for its publishing pro-government stories.

The fierce political battle among potential candidates to succeed President João Figueiredo in 1985 goes on, but one dirty trick too many by General Medeiros may well eliminate him from contention.

■ KENYA: Mutilated Daughters

For fifty years authorities in Kenya have tried to eliminate the practice of female circumcision. Following reports late last year that fourteen girls of the Kamba tribe had died after such mutilations, President Daniel arap Moi outlawed the practice. But he will probably have no more success than his predecessors.

Female circumcision was practiced in Egypt at the time of the Pharaohs, and in Europe as late as the nineteenth century. The custom is still followed in Egypt, the Sudan, Ethiopia, Somalia, Tanzania and some West African countries.

A survey conducted by Dr. Nawal El Saadawi, author of *The Hidden Face of Eve: Women in the Arab World*, in the 1970s revealed that more than 97 percent of relatively uneducated Egyptian parents still had their daughters circumcised. Even more surprising is Saadawi's finding that 66 percent of the well-educated parents also sanctioned the practice, the traditional purpose of which is to insure that young women remain virgins until they are married. One

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

woman told Dr. Saadawi, "A girl who did not undergo this operation was liable to be talked about by people, her behaviour would become bad, and she would start running after men."

Such attitudes couldn't exist in the civilized West—or could they? According to *Spare Rib*, a London feminist monthly, a British doctor claims that at least a dozen clitoridectomies are performed by Harley Street physicians every year, at a cost of more than $1,200 per operation. A London women's group is now working to persuade Parliament to outlaw the operation.

■ GUYANA: 'Isn't da we put yuh deh fah'

In May 1966, the colony of British Guiana achieved independence, and the poor yet democratic country's first Prime Minister was a popular criminal lawyer named Forbes Burnham.

Not a few observers considered him potentially the equal of such influential Third World leaders as Tanzania's Julius Nyerere. A confidential 1966 State Department biographical sketch had this to say of the Prime Minister:

> Burnham is an able, ambitious political leader motivated by a raging desire to be successful as "the founder of the nation." He loves the political game and hugely enjoys being the top man . . . . Articulate and clever in the use of words, he is probably the most erudite and capable speaker in Guyana. He has much empathy for the underdog and genuine concern for the plight of the little man. Although he enjoys good living, he does not really care for money, shows no desire to acquire a fortune, and apparently is not corrupt.

After seventeen years of Burnham rule, however, the anonymous Foreign Service biographer's assessment seems wildly optimistic. The country is a mess, though part of the blame lies with forces outside Burnham's control. The current worldwide recession, which has resulted in sharp declines in prices for two of Guyana's main exports (bauxite and sugar), has devastated the economy. In addition, a severe drought threatens to wipe out the next rice crop (rice is a staple of the Guyanese diet), and there will probably be food shortages by June or July at the latest.

But the political repression that Burnham has imposed is almost as bad as the hunger and privation. Here the State Department sketch was a bit more prescient, noting that although "He has no rival, actual or potential. . . . He tends to divide all people into two categories—those who are for him and all others." Those responsible for the 1980 assassination of the historian Walter Rodney, a Burnham opponent, have never been found. Members of opposition groups are frequently detained, and the once-independent judiciary is now firmly under Burnham's thumb. A parliamentary delegation from Canada recently described the human rights situation in Guyana as "repugnant." The delegation found that citizens were being tortured and reported the existence of death squads.

A small, crudely produced newspaper, the *Catholic Standard,* published by the church, remains one of the few anti-government voices. For years Burnham attempted to put it out of business by denying it printing facilities and newsprint—tactics which had destroyed the country's other non-government papers. Last August, Burnham tried a new tack. He filed four libel suits within ten days against the *Catholic Standard*, for publishing, among other things, excerpts from an Inter-American Development Bank report, written by Yugoslav consultants, that criticized Burnham's handling of the economy. In late January a judge predictably awarded the government $13,600 in damages in the first of its suits.

An apocryphal story now making the rounds in the capital city of Georgetown sums up the people's mood. An old woman accosts Burnham and says, in her Guyanese patois, "Hi Faabs, we don' like wah goin' on. De chilren stavin'; dey en gettin' bread and milk, dey drinkin' suga wata in de maanin' and vamitin' up ah school. We fed up, isn't da we put yuh deh fah."

■ THIRD WORLD: The New Andrew Undershafts

Last September, amid considerable press fanfare, Armscor, the South African state-owned arms manufacturing company, proudly announced that it had dispatched sales agents to the Middle East, South Africa and the Far East to drum up business. Armscor reportedly hoped to almost triple its arms sales to $160 million in the next few years by relying on a sales pitch that stressed that the weapons had been battle-tested in Angola and Namibia. Serious prospective customers were even offered the opportunity to visit an "operational area," where they could evaluate the weapons in action.

Hardly one month passed before the Armscor reps met sales resistance. The Greek government ordered them to close their exhibition after they were discovered at an Athens arms show. The Afrikaner salesmen were nevertheless buoyed by the strong interest at the show in one of Armscor's latest models: the G6, a 155-millimeter self-propelled field gun.

South Africa is only one of many new hustlers in the global arms bazaar. The Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, Brazil, Poland and Spain are increasingly making inroads into major arms markets. For the latter-day Andrew Undershafts the primary motive for arms sales is economic. Debt-burdened Brazil, for example, sold 700 of its EE-11 Urutu armored personnel carriers to Libya in 1981, and last month it sold the Libyans twenty-five Xingu training and transport planes for $105 million.

But Brazil's Middle Eastern deals are minuscule compared with those of the big boys who dominate the global death market—the United States, the Soviet Union, France, West Germany, Britain and Italy. They fear only one potential rival—Japan. And the day Tokyo applies its industrial muscle to arms-making may not be far off. Last year, Mitsubishi chairman Bunichiro Tanabe was quoted in the Japanese press as saying, "It's about time the government lifted the ban on arms to foreign countries."

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ARTICLES.

REPRESSION IN URUGUAY

The Littlest Totalitarian

MARTIN ANDERSEN

Uruguay, which used to be known as the "Switzerland of Latin America" because of its democratic institutions and its progressive social welfare system, is now the closest thing to a totalitarian state in all of South America. While Uruguay's regime is not the continent's most bloodthirsty, it is its most repressive.

In a country with a population of 3 million, there are nearly 1,000 political prisoners. Amnesty International estimates that since constitutional rule was suspended in 1973, one out of every 500 Uruguayans has been imprisoned for political offenses and one in 50 has been briefly detained or interrogated. In the mid-1970s, Uruguay had more political prisoners per capita than any other Latin American country—about 5,000 of them. At the height of the repression, the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States accused the military of systematic torture of detainees. The techniques, it said, included the application of electric shocks to the genitals of both men and women, submersion in tanks of water mixed with vomit, urine and blood, and mock executions.

But Uruguay is not just a particularly nasty police state. It also typifies the changes that have occurred in the dictatorial regimes of Latin America because of the Reagan Administration's abandonment of the human rights policy of its predecessor. As a prominent Uruguayan businessman who has thrown in his lot with the civilian opposition put it: "Before, under Carter, the American Embassy was the only real center of resistance against human rights violations. But now it lacks any weight with either the political community or with the government. They are irrelevant." A spokesman for the Peace and Justice Service, the only human rights group allowed in Uruguay, told me: "During the Carter Administration there were people we could go to, people who would receive us and listen to our problems. But that doesn't happen anymore."

Uruguay's period of military rule began in February 1973, when the army, led by three generals, seized control of the capital city of Montevideo. President Juan María Bordaberry acceded to their demands for a ban on political parties and de facto military rule through figurehead civilian presidents. When the military leaders took over, they claimed that these strong measures were needed to combat the threat posed by the Tupamaro guerrillas and to end political corruption and economic instability. But after a decade of military rule, the economy is in chaos. The generals lined their pockets and those of their friends, and turned on the civilians who initially supported them.

"The military began their fight against subversion; then they said they were fighting communist thinking; then opposition thinking; and finally thinking itself," said Hugo Batalla, one of the few lawyers who will take on political cases, a leftist and a former member of the Chamber of Deputies. He is also counsel for one of Uruguay's best-known political prisoners, retired Gen. Líber Seregni, who ran for president on the Broad Front ticket—a coalition of Christian Democrats, Communists and others—in Uruguay's last free elections, in 1971.

Seregni was imprisoned in July 1973 for allegedly participating in disturbances that took place after the Bordaberry government dissolved Congress in the "auto-coup" of June 27, 1973. Batalla told me that Seregni was tortured and held incommunicado for five months. He was also stripped of his military rank and denied permission to go into exile upon his release in November 1974. On January 11, 1976, Seregni was again detained; he was tortured for thirty-six days in military region Number 4. Uruguay's current President, Gregorio Alvarez, was region commander at the time. Seregni is still in prison.

"There are people who committed crimes during the time of the guerrilla war," Batalla said, "but Seregni is a classic prisoner of conscience." Many outside observers agree. The government of Panama has called Seregni "the political prisoner most representative of the many in Uruguay" and offered him political sanctuary. Last year, the European Parliament sent a telegram to Alvarez, saying Seregni "cannot be called subversive in the true sense of the term."

In Uruguay today, all trade union activity is prohibited, and under the political "opening" and "reinstitutionalization" program begun three years ago, only three centrist parties may engage in political activity. Membership in a banned organization, such as the country's largest labor confederation or any of the fourteen proscribed leftist parties and student associations, is a crime, and violators receive long prison terms. Many leaders of these groups were convicted of "subversive association" a decade ago, and are still in jail. One out of every twenty adult Uruguayans works for the security forces, civilian leaders charge, and this has created a large, effective network of informers and spies throughout the country.

The repression goes far beyond this. Private organizations such as sports and social clubs cannot meet or elect officers without the government's authorization. Education, from primary to university level, is under military supervision. The regime has closed more than twenty-five national newspapers and magazines, and the rest operate under severe restrictions. The military has also instituted the "ABC system," under which every adult is investigated and then

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given a letter grade based on his or her political record—a process the regime calls a test of "democratic faith." Among other civil disabilities, members of the "C" group are denied passports and barred from public employment, which in Uruguay means 25 percent of all jobs. They cannot work as teachers, postmen or electricians, for example. During my visit in early February, one Uruguayan told me he had lost his job because of a friendship he had kept up since high school. Another was blacklisted because he had worked as an election judge for the Broad Front coalition in the early 1970s, and still another for belonging to a student association twenty years ago.

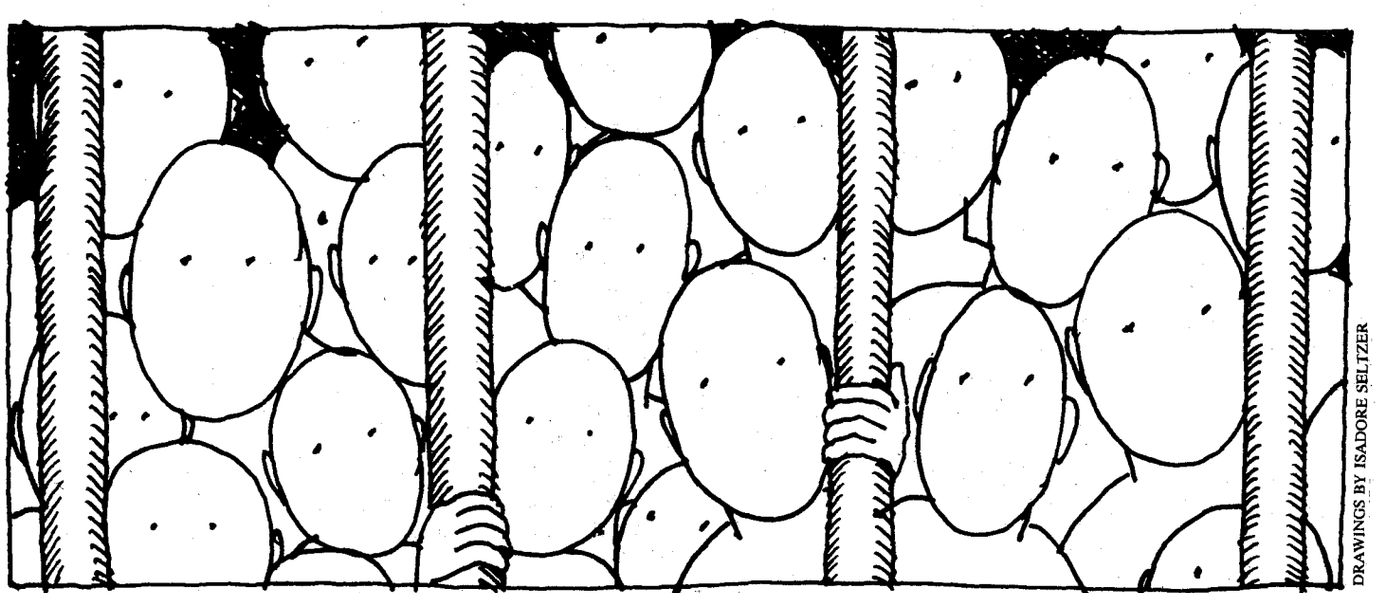
Against this Orwellian backdrop the military is staging its experiment in reinstitutionalization, which is to culminate in presidential elections in November 1984. On two occasions in the past three years when the people were given the opportunity to express their feelings about military rule, they showed the regime how unpopular it really is. In 1980, despite tight controls on the media and on opposition groups, Uruguayans rejected by a margin of 54 percent to 39 percent a constitution proposed by the military. The coalition of civilian groups ranged against the plan called it a veneer for the dictatorship. Last November, the military received an even more overwhelming rejection. In spite of the government's having limited participation to the three centrist parties, pro-government slates won only 15 percent of the vote in internal party elections.

The military, of course, says there are no human rights violations in Uruguay. It emphatically denies reports of torture and claims that only "delinquents" and criminals have been imprisoned. "This isn't anything more or less than part of a campaign unleashed many years ago against Uruguay and other countries that have defeated subversion," said Gen. Julio C. Rapela, a "moderate" who is in charge of the government's negotiations with civilians on a return to constitutional rule. "It's a campaign based on falsehoods." He told me that U.S.-Uruguayan relations had "improved substantially" since Reagan was elected. When the Carter Administration left office, the regime loudly voiced its resentment of U.S. human rights policy and said the advent of Reagan would mean the end of Uruguay's "martyrdom." When I asked why relations were better now, Rapela said: "The United States has to explain why they have changed. We have not changed—we have been firm in our ideas and what we set forth to accomplish."

The State Department's country reports on human rights released in February said that violations have been on the decline in Uruguay since 1978. However, human rights activists there point out that although abductions and torture by security agents have decreased, Uruguayans still live in fear. They told me that in the last eighteen months, four persons have been kidnapped by the security forces. One of the four was missing for four months and recently turned up in a military prison. The others have not been found. The activists charge that about fifty political prisoners are gravely ill with such ailments as tuberculosis, cancer, ulcers, intestinal problems and leprosy, and they cite the deaths of twelve prisoners under circumstances never satisfactorily explained by the government.

Amnesty International reported recently that some of those about to be released after serving their sentences must undergo "reprocessing": they are transferred from jail to military barracks, subjected to further torture and forced to confess to new charges. Within the last year at least twenty people have been retried and condemned under this system, Uruguayan activists say. "The military continues to confuse subversion with legitimate political activity," said attorney Batalla. "If there is less torture now, it is because there are fewer detained people, and that's because they've all gone into exile or were detained before or have become apolitical."

The widely held perception in Montevideo that the Reagan Administration has jettisoned any concern for human rights in its rush to embrace anti-Communist "authoritarian" regimes has been bolstered by the official visits to Uruguay of a number of Administration officials. Human rights activists say that unlike in the Carter years, when the



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U.S. Embassy staff encouraged their efforts, they are now ignored by people they once thought of as their friends.

What the embassy does is important in terms of the United States' image in a country whose people are overwhelmingly opposed to military rule. It is also important because the regime's harshness makes homegrown rights advocacy a risky proposition. As one top Western European diplomat noted: "International pressure has released a lot of these people—it's the only thing that counts."

The U.S. Embassy would not comment on charges that it is indifferent to local human rights needs, but these allegations were indirectly confirmed in a conversation I had with a longtime Uruguayan employee there. I had told him of my fruitless attempts earlier that day to gain admission to La Libertad, a heavily guarded five-story prison in a remote rural setting, holding more than 600 political prisoners. "You know, it's kind of funny to hear La Libertad mentioned now," he said almost nostalgically. "Before, everybody here used to talk about it. Now no one does." □

SUBCOMPACT MERGER

General Toyota Takes Command

MICHAEL MORITZ

I am looking across a freshly starched tablecloth at a group of saturnine Japanese reporters. It's lunchtime for the 150 journalists who have witnessed the signing of an agreement between General Motors and Toyota to produce small cars jointly in California. Cribbing from notes written in *katakana* is impossible, but the authors eagerly explain the contents to the curious Westerner. They say this *entente cordiale* is a result of strong-arm tactics to force Japanese companies to produce cars in the United States. "Toyota is taking grave risk. General Motors is gaining know-how." Conversation over. Nothing to do but plow into the diced broccoli and eggplant salad which has been supplied by a local purveyor of nouvelle cuisine.

In the executive dining rooms at Ford, Chrysler and American Motors (where eggplant salad is unknown), some waiters must have been busy performing the Heimlich maneuver. For the agreement, which will have G.M. and Toyota building 200,000 subcompacts a year, flies in the face of everything various administrations in Washington have been telling U.S. automobile companies for the past three decades. If the Federal Trade Commission decides this union of empires is lily-white, the smaller U.S. auto makers can rightly howl that it's another example of the government's schizoid attitude toward competition, that it adds another item to the catalog of Federal aid inadvertently supplied to

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G.M. since the mid-1960s and that it further changes the shape of the world automobile industry.

To head off the trustbusters, G.M. points to the limited scope of the agreement. Two hundred thousand cars a year for twelve years is a fraction of the U.S. automobile market, in which sales might reach 10.5 million vehicles in 1985. However, this new car will enter the subcompact segment of that market, which G.M. and Toyota already dominate. In 1982 G.M. and Toyota sold almost one out of every three subcompacts purchased in the United States. (Worldwide, the companies produced one out of every four automobiles made.) There is little doubt that if G.M. and Ford had engineered a similar scheme, trucks packed with subpoenaed files would be pulling up at the Justice Department. But G.M. and Toyota contend they are immune from accusations of unfair competition because one of them happens to be headquartered outside U.S. fishing limits.

If ever summoned to defend itself, G.M. will doubtless argue that there's nothing new about alliances in the world automobile industry. There isn't. The overall trend is clear: fewer companies with fewer workers producing fewer cars. It's the automotive equivalent of nouvelle cuisine. Various joint ventures and shipments of parts between countries make it difficult to find any car made outside Japan that doesn't have a distinctly cosmopolitan flavor. In Wisconsin, Renault and American Motors co-produce the Renault Alliance. Nissan has arrangements with Volkswagen, Motor Iberica and Alfa Romeo. British Leyland assembles Hondas.

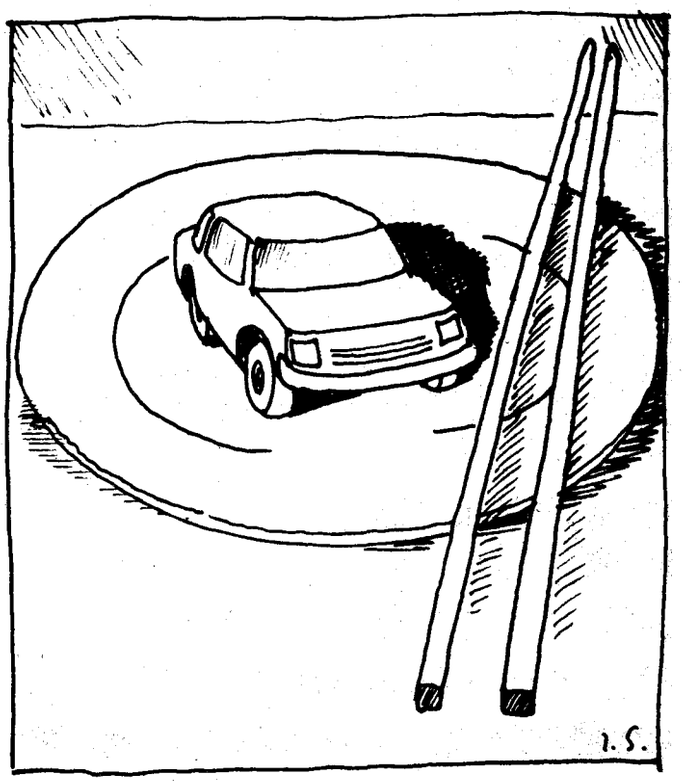
There's also nothing novel about links between American and Japanese companies. Before sales of imports exploded, Detroit looked to Japan to supply small cars. Chrysler bought a chunk of Mitsubishi in 1971 and received breaks from the Japanese company while seeking Federal loan guarantees. Ford owns a quarter of Toyo Kogyo. G.M., however, has outdone all of its rivals. The world's largest auto maker owns one third of Isuzu, will soon import 200,000 Isuzus a year and has also hinted that it will soon build more of the cars at a U.S. plant. Eighteen months ago G.M. bought 5.2 percent of Suzuki and will soon start importing 90,000 Suzuki minicars a year.

But Isuzu and Suzuki don't have the muscle of Toyota. The G.M.-Toyota hookup dwarfs any other automotive alliance. It will virtually allow the two companies to set the prices of small cars, though G.M.ers will say, "The market sets the price." It gives G.M. a plant on the West Coast in the middle of the large California car market. (Since the popularity of imports forced the other domestic manufacturers to close their California plants, they all have to bear the costs of shipment from the Midwest.) The venture also won't do much for the employment rolls. In Fremont, California, it will create 3,000 jobs in a plant where 6,000 workers used to punch in. The new car will also almost certainly adversely affect sales—and employment—of the Wilmington, Delaware, plant where G.M.'s aging Chevrolet Chevette is produced.

In addition, the joint venture won't be much of a boon for American suppliers. The most important components, including engines and transmissions, will be imported from Japan. The whole plan resembles arrangements typical of the 1920s, when the Kaffirs in the Middle East weren't thought to have either the money or the gumption to cope with auto production, but just enough gray matter to assemble the knockdown car kits shipped to their shores in wooden crates.

For Toyota, which has been investigating the possibility of building plants abroad for as long as it has been making cars, the fling makes sense. Unlike Honda and Nissan, which have built factories in the United States, Toyota has stayed put. A few carefully timed foreign inspection tours have apparently always revealed that there's no place like home. In 1981, after the Japanese auto makers announced voluntary restraints on exports, Toyota had discussions with Ford about the possibility of joint production. Those gobbled up a year and then stopped. With the threat of local-content legislation being passed in Congress, with excess capacity at its plants in Japan and with G.M. building huge new plants and also practicing corporate polygamy, Toyota is now serious. Yet the $150 million it will spend at Fremont is chicken feed in an industry where $500 million will barely build a new engine plant. And if the new subcompact develops rattles or squeaks, Toyota will always be able to blame the American worker and retreat once again.

Should the two companies barrel onward, the Federal Trade Commission will have to move quickly to stop what is still a clay model from turning into 200,000 Toylets. And if the Federal magistrates wind up agreeing with those Japanese reporters and decide that what is good for Toyota is twice as good for General Motors—that is, a violation of the antitrust laws—they can be sure of one thing: General Toyota will fight to the furious end. □



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CAUSES WITHOUT LAWYERS

Why Attorneys Won't Take Civil Rights Cases

LEWIS M. STEEL

The Supreme Court's decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* nearly thirty years ago opened the Federal courthouse doors to a flood of civil rights litigation. Since that time, Congress has passed a number of laws proscribing many kinds of discrimination, and the Justice Department and other Federal agencies have been given broad powers to prosecute violators of those statutes.

Congress also sought to enlist private attorneys in the enforcement process, and so, overriding the common-law principle that litigants must pay their own attorneys' fees, it enacted statutes that made defendants liable for costs if they were found guilty of discrimination. Many, if not most, civil rights plaintiffs cannot afford to pay for attorneys, and Congress' intention was to enable them to have representation and to give lawyers an economic incentive to act as "private attorneys general" who would enforce the law.

Despite all the civil rights laws on the books, discrimination is still rampant, especially in employment practices. The United States Commission on Civil Rights recently published a report titled "Unemployment and Underemployment Among Blacks, Hispanics and Women," which concluded that discrimination is the major cause of the pervasive disparities in opportunity and pay between white males and minorities and females. The commission found that such disparities exist regardless of the state of the economy, in all educational levels, at all age levels and across industry and regions.

With discrimination flourishing and laws in place that encourage attorneys to be on the side of the angels, one would think there would be a horde of "private attorneys general" vying to represent civil rights plaintiffs. Moreover, the Reagan Administration's reluctance to enforce civil rights legislation has left the field wide open to attorneys looking for a satisfying area in which to practice. Yet very few attorneys specialize in these cases, and many of those who do so are now looking for other ways to support their practices. As a result, victims of discrimination frequently must spend a good deal of time hunting for attorneys. They are often unsuccessful in their quest and either abandon their claims or attempt the nearly impossible task of representing themselves.

The reasons for this state of affairs are not hard to find. Civil rights suits are not like the personal injury suits on which many small firms thrive. An experienced attorney normally has little difficulty determining the chances of success in a negligence case. After a few interviews and an examination of police reports and medical records, a lawyer who does this type of work on a contingency-fee basis will have a good idea how much he will make if he wins the case.

In contrast, it is difficult to calculate the probability of winning a discrimination case. Rarely do the facts clearly establish discrimination. Few employers today discriminate openly. Many retain attorneys and labor consultants to advise them on setting up hiring programs that give the appearance of compliance with the law. For example, they develop detailed job descriptions which personnel officers are instructed to apply to all applicants. They also hire "equal opportunity employment officers," many of whom belong to minority groups. The companies then call themselves "equal opportunity employers" in their personnel manuals and help-wanted advertisements. By such bureaucratic devices, and by hiring minority and female employees—often in jobs that dead-end well below management levels—companies can make it exceedingly difficult to prove that they discriminate.

Another factor that discourages attorneys from taking civil rights suits is the great cost of gathering the evidence needed to prove discrimination. Initially, the Supreme Court interpreted Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, the law most frequently cited in employment discrimination cases, as not requiring a plaintiff to prove an intent to discriminate—only that the effect of an employment practice was discriminatory. This reading of the law made the plaintiff's attorney's job easier, since he or she did not have to obtain evidence about the employer's state of mind. To challenge unnecessary educational requirements for a job, for instance, the attorney only had to prove that they significantly reduced job opportunities of otherwise qualified minorities—that the effect had been discriminatory. Similarly, height or weight requirements that excluded female applicants could be challenged by showing that they had no relevance to ability to perform the job.

Most corporate employers, however, have eliminated hiring prerequisites that are obviously vulnerable to attack in court, and they have experts on tap who will testify that their job criteria are reasonable. To refute such evidence, the plaintiff's lawyer must hire experts, at considerable expense, to prove that the job requirements are unnecessarily restrictive and to compile statistical data showing that their imposition has reduced minority opportunities.

Moreover, the plaintiff's attorney often must resort to protracted discovery proceedings to obtain the necessary data on an employer's hiring practices. And once the raw data has been acquired, it must be analyzed by experts. A bias suit against a large corporation can cost hundreds of thousands of dollars in expenses, and most employers are willing and able to outspend plaintiffs.

In many civil rights cases, which involve an individual's claim that he was the victim of intentional bias, the plaintiff is not required to prove a pattern of discrimination. Although this kind of discrimination would seem to be easier

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to prove, it is not. A series of Supreme Court decisions in the past few years have put a heavier burden of proof on the plaintiff. Originally, most Federal courts interpreted Title VII as requiring an employer to prove it had valid reasons not to hire or promote a complainant once he or she had presented enough evidence from which discrimination could be inferred. The effect of these recent rulings, however, has been to relieve the employer of the task of proving justification. Now, an employer need merely "articulate" a reason for its action; the plaintiff must then prove that the reason is a subterfuge. Obviously, a well-advised employer will have kept records that justify its refusal to hire or promote any particular applicant. Typically, it will produce records showing that an applicant had received low evaluations from more than one rater. Furthermore, the employer does not have to prove that its justifications are reasonable, for the courts will not engage in second-guessing business decisions. Because of this change in the Court's view, many discrimination claims have recently been defeated.

Civil rights litigants have been severely hampered by other Supreme Court decisions. In 1982, for example, the Court ruled that the "discriminatory-effect test" does not apply to seniority rules. Even if a seniority system clearly excludes minorities and women, a plaintiff must prove that the company intended that effect.

The Supreme Court has also restricted the use of class action suits. Until June 1982, lawyers could utilize the class action mechanism to launch an across-the-board attack on an employer's policies. For example, an individual plaintiff could challenge both hiring and promotion practices in the same class action suit even though he may have been the victim of discrimination only in hiring. By making such a broad attack, an attorney had a decent chance of winning on at least one issue. Last June, however, the Supreme Court ruled against a Mexican-American plaintiff who charged that the corporation he worked for did not promote him because it discriminated against Mexican-Americans in both hiring and promotion. The Court held that the plaintiff could not represent Mexican-Americans who had not even been hired by the company, and it directed trial courts to determine whether a plaintiff in a class action suit had the same injury as other members of the class. It said that such a determination was necessary to protect the interests of the other members of the group. Of course, Mexican-Americans, as well as the attorney who had invested years of work on the case, were the losers.

Complicated employment discrimination cases commonly last ten years or more. Because few clients can afford the costs, the civil rights attorney is faced with carrying ever-increasing expenses throughout this entire time. For, as the Supreme Court made clear in 1980, the courts cannot award interim attorneys' fees until it is established that the complainant has prevailed. Even when the plaintiff wins, many Federal judges award civil rights lawyers lower fees than those they grant attorneys in securities or antitrust cases. Despite judicial rhetoric to the contrary, the time of a civil rights lawyer is not considered as valuable as that of a corporate lawyer.

Employers' attorneys know that civil rights attorneys face all those obstacles. Moreover, the longer they can drag out litigation, the more money they make. Therefore, defense lawyers delay responding to requests for information in discovery proceedings, while burdening plaintiffs with voluminous requests. For example, in one of my cases, a team of defense lawyers spent four days taking my client's deposition. They asked her questions about every department in the corporation she was suing even though she knew only about her own. They also asked her for statistical and other information that was in their possession, and sub-

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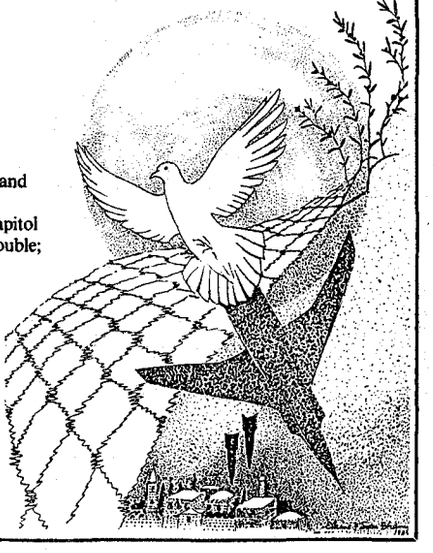

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jected her to a barrage of technical legal questions. Nor is her ordeal by deposition over. The defense has made a motion to compel this plaintiff, who is only one of a dozen in the suit, to answer additional questions.

Can the rules of the game be changed to induce more "private attorneys general" to come forward to represent civil rights litigants? Certainly, Congress could alter some of the Supreme Court's harmful rulings on the burden of proof, the appropriateness of class actions and attorneys' fees. But there is no possibility Congress will tinker with these decisions in the foreseeable future.

Civil rights attorneys would benefit from proposed changes in the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure, which would simplify and speed up pretrial proceedings. Even with more streamlined procedures, however, civil rights attorneys will still have the enormous burden of acquiring information from employers, and they will continue to have to rely heavily on costly experts. Funding support from civil rights organizations and foundations, now virtually nonexistent, also would help, but would not solve the problem.

Private attorneys, whether motivated by economic gain or by political commitment, cannot carry the load of enforcing antidiscrimination laws. The enforcement of these laws should be the responsibility of Federal, state and local agencies that are committed to the task and well funded. Unfortunately, given the present Administration's hostility to civil rights and its budget cuts, as well as the low level of funding made available to state and local antidiscrimination agencies, neither the commitment nor the money is there. □

The C.I.A.

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

the charter in 1947, it clearly intended that the agency would operate exclusively abroad. Instead, during the 1960s and 1970s, the C.I.A. secretly cooperated with "friendly" police departments, providing training, technical assistance, exotic equipment and explosives, and intelligence information. In return, municipal police departments, principally through their intelligence units, or "Red squads," gave the agency information on groups and individuals in which it was interested, provided C.I.A. agents with police credentials to use as "cover" and, on occasion, obtained information the agency wanted through surveillances and break-ins. In 1972, when the press and several members of Congress got wind of these activities, the agency denied and downplayed them, while continuing to engage in them until the mid-1970s. The agency also cooperated with local police officers in official and unofficial ways.

Although domestic spying by the C.I.A. was reported in the press in the 1970s, given the tight security at the agency's Langley, Virginia, headquarters, all the facts may never be known. However, I have obtained under the Freedom of Information Act a declassified 362-page file that provides numerous examples of C.I.A. involvement with police. The file, titled "Domestic Police Training" (hereinafter referred to as the D.P.T. file), reveals the tip of what must be considered a very large iceberg.*

According to the file, the agency cultivated friendships with police officers mainly by entertaining them at its headquarters and occasionally by giving them gifts and money. When a Fairfax County, Virginia, police chief took a vacation in Puerto Rico, he was furnished with a car by the San Juan field office. Nor did the agency forget the cop on the beat. According to the file, one police officer was given a week's vacation at a C.I.A. safe house in Miami; the agency picked up an $800 car-rental tab for another officer.

Police chiefs and commissioners were frequently given red-carpet treatment at Langley. Invitees to a 1967 get-together were sent identical letters of warm greeting by Howard Osborn, director of the C.I.A.'s Office of Security:

> Mr. Helms has a keen, personal interest in our meeting and has directed that such Agency facilities as you may require be put at your disposal. He will host a dinner in your honor on 6 October at the Headquarters Building.

The schedules for the visiting police dignitaries stressed play over work. There were lots of coffee breaks, "get-acquainted sessions," "free time" periods and long cocktail hours—more than enough to take the pain out of the tours and lectures, which usually ran from ten to forty-five minutes. "Recreation periods" took up as much as four hours of the nine-hour workday. Travel arrangements were made by the agency, and limousines and spacious suites at the Washington Hilton were provided to the guests.

At one such outing, participants were cordially invited to a steak dinner "served on the [deleted] patio and, if they so desire, individuals may prepare their own steaks." A memorandum describing a 1967 "Police Liaison Seminar" promised that all food, drink and transportation would be paid for by the agency, and that agency personnel would be assigned to the guests and would be on call at any time "to serve their needs." Dinner times were "flexible" so as to "adjust to individual recreational needs." Among the recreational options at one conference were fishing, golf, tennis, swimming and "dove hunting" (presumably the feathered kind). Guests were advised to bring their golf clubs "and/or a personal shotgun if the guest would prefer not to use weapons available at [deleted] for hunting." The hosts thought of everything: "Since the World Series will be in progress, television will be available at [deleted] during this period."

All this Langley largesse for police officials served to put the agency's relationship with them on a social basis. But

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*My efforts to obtain further information from the agency under the F.O.I.A. were unavailing. After filing two separate applications and after much correspondence back and forth over a fifteen-month period, my request was denied on the grounds that the agency kept no records on its involvement with local police. In view of the information recorded in the D.P.T. file, this answer is disingenuous, to put it mildly.

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there was more to it than fun and games. The officials also received training in countersubversive techniques both at Langley and at "the Farm," a secret installation at Camp Perry, Virginia. Indeed, the agency ran a mini police academy offering a variety of courses, briefings, workshops and lectures. Some programs lasted a day; others went on for ten. The police studied security procedures, photographic techniques and surveillance photography, plastering and masonry (for concealing a "bug" or a hidden camera), lockpicking and telephone tapping. They learned techniques of disguise, surreptitious entry and intelligence data collection. There were also "hands-on" field exercises, which took place in Washington and included breaking and entering, surveillance, planting bugs and the like.

The syllabus for a ten-day course in audio surveillance offered in 1968 is typical of the Langley curriculum:

WEDNESDAY

0845

Telephone Tapping: A discussion and demonstration of telephone installations, including cold taps utilizing the DR-2 Dial Pulse Recorder, the Fargo Corporation Actuator and the Uher 4000L recorder with Akustomat and matching device. Commercial touch-tone recorder/actuator will also be covered.

Practical Work: Conducting telephone taps utilizing the above mentioned equipment.

Review of material covered to this point.

FRIDAY

0845-1200

Practical Work: Transmitter concealment and restoration. Includes concealment [deleted] in wall and a quick plant in furniture. Concealment of Type #1 transmitter in a lamp or in a device of the student's choice. Full restoration of the [deleted] installation including paint matching.

1300-1700

Practical Work: Setting up a Listening Post in the training site and taping resultant audio. Set up mobile listening post in vehicle in parking lot and tape audio. Retrieve equipment and restore the walls.

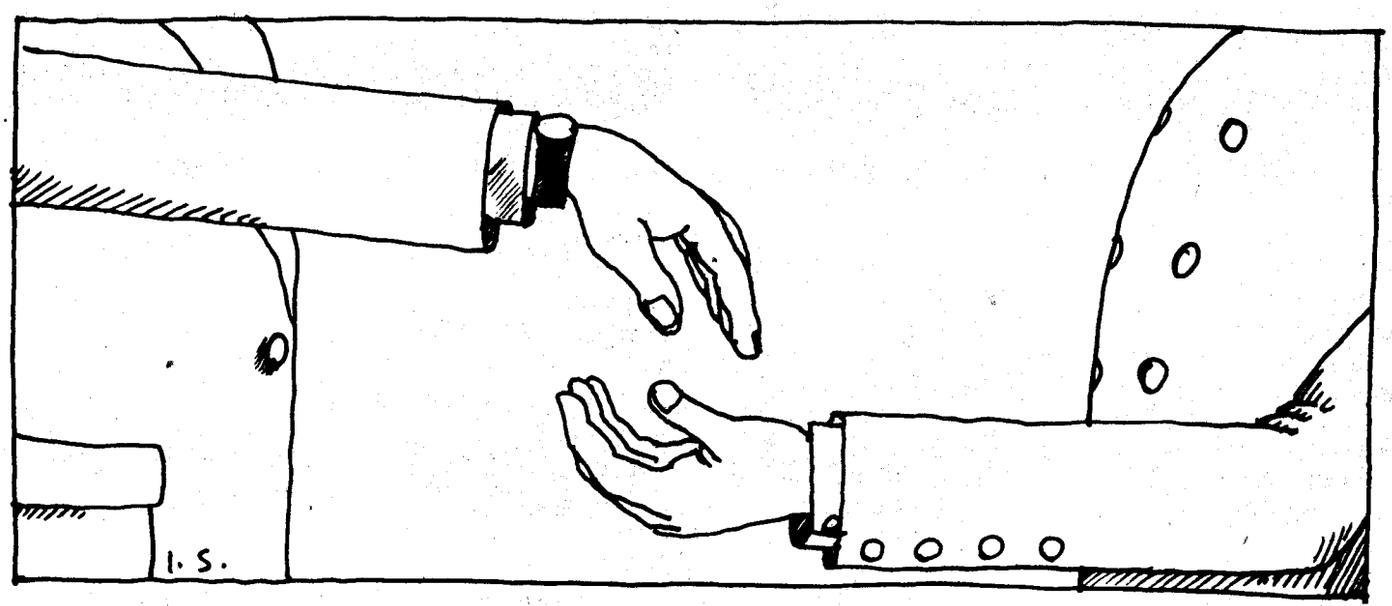
NOTE: Schedule is general guideline purposes—depending on student's progress.

Police officials who took the agency's five-day course on surreptitious entry spent the first day being oriented, the second learning how to identify and pick luggage locks, the third learning how to "fabricate tools used in surreptitious entry" and the fourth learning how to deactivate alarm systems. As at any self-respecting academy, this all culminated in graduation day. The final exam consisted of conducting a "break-and-enter."

The documents in the D.P.T. file reveal that in addition to offering training, the agency loaned equipment and provided technical assistance. During the 1960s and 1970s, the C.I.A. furnished various police departments at different times with the following items: forged identification cards; decoders; recorders, receivers, transmitters and transmitter beacons; explosive-detection kits; polygraph equipment; security locks and safes for storing sensitive material; "document destruct devices" for destroying "highly sensitive investigative waste"; lamps with hidden eavesdropping devices; sophisticated photographic equipment; radio-equipped cars; mine detectors; tear gas and gas masks; grenades and flak jackets.

The agency also made its photography labs and safe houses available, provided names of firms that sold first-rate intelligence-gathering equipment and distributed copies of an agency-produced investigative manual titled "Where's What?" One C.I.A. "liaison" officer was assigned to a police department in Montgomery County, Maryland.

By my count, forty-four state, local and county police departments received training or equipment, including those in New York City; San Francisco; Los Angeles; Chicago; Boston; Philadelphia; Miami; Baltimore; Washington, D.C.; Long Beach, California; San Diego; Richmond; and Bloomington, Minnesota. Forty-four is surely a minimal number. One document states that eighty-three police organizations were briefed on "trace-metal detection techniques."



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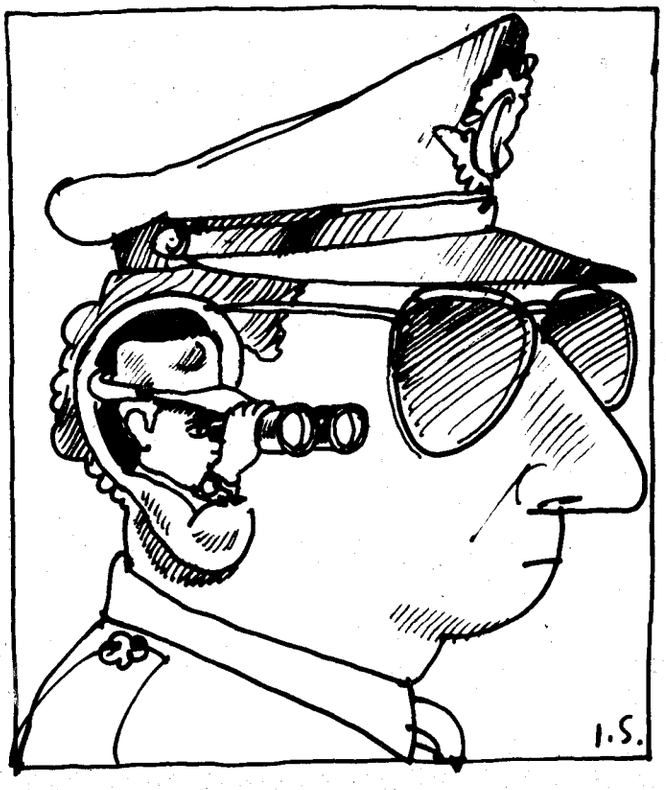
While the agency did everything within its power to conceal these activities and minimize their importance, the press eventually reported on some of them in several cities. The D.P.T. file shows just how sensitive the C.I.A. considered the matter of its police ties to be. In 1972, for example, *The New York Times* disclosed that some New York City police officers had received C.I.A. briefings. In the story, C.I.A. assistant director Angus Theurmer was quoted as saying that "similar courtesies" had been extended to police officers in other cities but that no records had been kept of the briefings. In an internal memorandum to the man in charge of C.I.A. police training, Office of Security director Osborn, Theurmer boasted of how he had handled the *Times* reporter:

> I low-keyed the whole thing, saying that there was no "program" of such briefings, there had been the occasional request from other places for briefings and similar courtesies had been extended. I said the matter was of such an occasional nature that no one had records. I, therefore, couldn't tell him what other cities had been involved.

The agency did not "low-key" the story internally, however. It obtained information on the reporter who had written the story. According to C.I.A. memorandums, he had "rather complete access to the police department" and was "a very thorough investigative reporter" and a "Ramsey Clark liberal." Moreover, he was doing a follow-up and was pressing higher-ups in the New York City Police Department for interviews.

Administrators in the Office of Security decided that the New York City police should be given "guidance" on what to reveal about their relations with the agency. The wisdom from Langley was that the police should admit that a few officers received training in data processing, but they should point out that this was "not unusual" because the F.B.I. and other Federal agencies had provided similar help.



A memorandum from the assistant deputy director of security (whose name is deleted) to Director of Central Intelligence William Colby rails against the *Times* article as "inaccurate and misleading." It relays to Colby a request (by a person whose identity has been deleted) for permission, "if pressed, to respond with minimal information." The memorandum includes a "proposed guideline" for Colby's approval as to what information the C.I.A. should disclose to the press. "Minimal" is right. The guideline proposes admitting only that eight officers from "a number of U.S. cities" were invited to attend a two-day demonstration in 1967 that dealt with "types of explosive devices . . . manufactured from readily available commercial material." And reporters were to be told that "no training of any kind was given."

In a 1973 "Headquarters Bulletin" to all employees, the C.I.A. again challenged the accuracy of the *Times* article and sought to create another myth about its police ties—one it would repeat again and again to Congress and the press. The C.I.A. insisted that it only got involved with police departments when they requested help in their efforts against "hijacking, terrorism, and the flow of drug traffic into the United States." "We did nothing to encourage these police requests," the agency told its employees.

The C.I.A.'s own documents say otherwise. In one memorandum, Osborn approves an expanded program of training in explosives patterned on a session held with the Washington, D.C., police, which would include surveillance and surreptitious entry. Osborn recommends "writing" to police departments. Other memorandums show that several departments were subsequently "contacted" by the C.I.A. A 1970 agency memorandum discusses the suggestion that the C.I.A. "offer" training to "friendly" police departments.

Despite the agency's efforts to minimize the fallout, the *Times* article prompted James Kronfeld, a staff member of the House Committee on Government Operations, to ask the assistant deputy director of security whether domestic police training was illegal under the 1947 charter. He was given the agency's standard reply: the training involved only the storing, handling and retrieval of information. Then Edward Koch, at the time a Representative from New York, got on the case. He pressed the agency for more information about the extent of its ties to police departments. The C.I.A.'s legislative counsel, John Maury (a former clandestine operative), provided Koch with a bit more information: "Less than fifty police officers all told [up from the eight described in the "proposed guideline"], from a total of about a dozen city and county police forces, have received some sort of Agency briefing within the past two years." This was misleading. The briefings "covered a variety of subjects such as procedures for processing, analyzing, filing and retrieving data, security devices and procedures, and metal and explosive detection techniques"—also misleading.

Koch was not placated. In the words of one C.I.A. memorandum, he wrote to fellow representatives "saying

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something to the effect that here is what the nutty guys at CIA are doing and why don't you write to them about the police training they are giving in your area." Representative Dante Fascell of Florida wrote and inquired; so did Representative Phillip Burton of California.

Burton is a fiery politician, and his letter touched off a panic because the C.I.A. had loaned equipment to the intelligence unit of the San Francisco Police Department. In response to his inquiry, C.I.A. headquarters cabled its field office: "It is felt that every attempt should be made to regain the equipment, since it possibly could be traced to the agency." The agency alerted its friends in the San Francisco Police Department. According to a memorandum, police officers there "had previously stated that they did not want to admit that they had received C.I.A. training." The agency said that it was in no position to "lie to" Burton, and it gave the police officers the choice of telling Burton the truth themselves or letting the agency do it. They chose the latter. Such disclosures were painful for both parties. The C.I.A. had, according to one of its memorandums, pledged to all police departments with which it was involved that the ties "would be held in the strictest confidence."

From 1972 through 1975, the stories in the press continued. In 1975, *The Washington Post* disclosed C.I.A.-police involvements that went far beyond "training" and "briefing." C.I.A. agents had used police credentials to infiltrate antiwar demonstrations in Washington, D.C. Senator James Abourezk of South Dakota wrote Director of Central Intelligence William Colby in 1975 to inquire about *The Post*'s story. Colby replied that on "two occasions" in 1971 the agency had obtained police badges. The first occurred:

> when police identification cards were obtained to permit passage through police lines of some twenty employees whose assignment at the time related to the protection and functioning of Agency installations.

The second involved:

> efforts to determine whether Agency employees were involved in the unauthorized disclosure of information relating to disclosure of foreign intelligence sources and methods.

But according to an internal C.I.A. memorandum written the same year as Colby's letter to Senator Abourezk, badges and IDs were obtained from "four separate police jurisdictions between 1960 and 1972." Either Colby was dissembling or he was spectacularly ill informed about his own agency's activities. He also implied in his letter that, in the first instance, the use of the credentials was legitimate because it was for the purpose of protecting agency installations. In that instance, at least, this was not entirely true. An internal agency memorandum describes what really happened:

> Eighteen to twenty police identification credentials were also obtained from the Metropolitan Police Department in Washington, D.C. for use by Special Agents from the [deleted]. These credentials were issued to Agents who monitored the anti-war demonstration which occurred in the Metropolitan area in May 1971. The credentials were used solely for the purpose of allowing [deleted] personnel to penetrate within police lines during the demonstration. The credentials were subsequently destroyed by the [deleted] with prior approval from representatives of the Metropolitan Police Department.

Another document shows that during a number of antiwar demonstrations between 1968 and 1971, the agency loaned radio cars and drivers to the Washington, D.C., police and set up "command posts" at C.I.A. headquarters and at police headquarters: "The police intelligence material was monitored at both locations." In return for its loan of equipment and personnel, the C.I.A. received data on antiwar activists that the Metropolitan Police Department had compiled. The agency's intelligence reports on the demonstrations make no mention of any direct threat to its personnel or its facilities.

These domestic spying incidents show that C.I.A. involvement with police in the 1960s and 1970s went beyond liaison. When asked by reporters about the legality of those ties, the C.I.A. cited the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, which encourages Federal law enforcement agencies to assist local police. But the C.I.A. is not a law enforcement agency; moreover, the Omnibus Crime Act was passed in 1968, and the agency had been working with police long before that.

Furthermore, the C.I.A. was not supporting its local police solely in the interests of law and order. The fears of many Americans that the agency would use police ties to carry out its own agenda of domestic spying are amply confirmed by the D.P.T. file and by other sources. Osborn summed up the objectives of the liaison program in one memorandum:

> Some aspects of Agency support to police operations have served to greatly enhance our working relationship and to secure, in return, police commitment to activities and operations which might otherwise have the department's negative response.

One example of those "operations" was the surveillance the Washington, D.C., police intelligence unit placed on Washington attorney Bernard Fensterwald Jr. and the group he headed, the Committee to Investigate Assassinations. In 1972, Fensterwald drew the agency's attention by investigating possible C.I.A. complicity in the murder of John Kennedy. The police spied on Fensterwald's offices and members of the committee's staff and reported their findings to the agency.

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On another occasion, the agency apparently had an uncooperative police intelligence unit chief demoted. In 1968, C.I.A. agents visited Chicago Superintendent of Police James Conlisk. According to a C.I.A. report on their visit, they discovered a serious problem: the Chicago intelligence unit's head, William Duffy, wanted to concentrate on investigating organized crime, while the C.I.A. wanted the unit to redirect its activities toward left-wing political activists and radicals. Two months after the agents' visit, Duffy was demoted to Watch Commander, and the Chicago intelligence unit was hounding radicals instead of Mafiosi.

The C.I.A. liaison with the police extended to matters pertaining to its own employees. A 1975 document titled "Relationships With Police" states that the agency will request police help in "resolving certain personal problems of employees" (defined as "staff, contract, or service employees") who are arrested or are the victims of a crime. This raises the possibility of the agency interfering with law enforcement—for example, persuading a friendly department not to press charges against a C.I.A. employee because of national security considerations. The agency also used its police contacts to check up on its employees.

The C.I.A.'s clandestine dealings with law enforcement agencies can undermine the normal police accountability processes. The House Select Committee on Intelligence (the Pike Committee) reported that the C.I.A. provided "exotic" surveillance equipment to police departments on a "no-questions-asked basis." The agency placed no controls on the ways the devices could be used, even though it knew that police intended to use them in "operational missions." Since the C.I.A. regarded the eavesdropping devices as "nonaccountable equipment," the police may not have had to account for how they used them.

The same is true of the explosives that the C.I.A. dispensed to police free of charge. One agency memorandum claims that the materials were used in training courses, but it also describes the explosives as "not available to them [police] through their established sources of supply." And the agency provided training in surreptitiously planting explosives in buildings. So sensitive was this training that the agency insisted that police not discuss it "inside or outside the respective police departments."

The C.I.A. once provided 200 rounds of ammunition to a police officer in a Florida drug-enforcement unit. A C.I.A. memorandum explains: "Officers in [deleted] unit normally utilize .38 caliber weapons, however, [deleted] prefers to use his own .9 mm automatic, ammunition which is difficult to obtain." Since C.I.A.-dispensed ammunition is difficult to trace, this raises questions of accountability.

There was another problem: being in the business of deception, the agency sometimes deceived its friends. Many police departments received C.I.A. assistance without even knowing it. In 1970, with the direct approval of agency head Richard Helms, six C.I.A. agents posed as Law Enforcement Assistance Administration "consultants" and provided briefings to thirty-four departments.

C.I.A. agents joined police in carrying out at least one illegal break-in to retrieve pictures and documents in which the agency was interested. Neither the police nor the C.I.A. had obtained a search warrant.

Perhaps most chilling of all, the 1975 Rockefeller Report on C.I.A. domestic spying describes one instance in which agents posed as police, flashing police identity cards—date and city unknown—while conducting a break-in. Another document from the D.P.T. file reveals that as early as 1960, the C.I.A. possessed at least nine police ID cards.

Spying is a complex business. The links between the C.I.A. and local police departments greatly increase the likelihood of illegal operations and abuses of power. During the 1960s and 1970s, the C.I.A.'s police activities were coordinated by its Office of Security. In the 1960s this office bugged and tailed reporters. In the 1970s it had columnists Jack Anderson and Les Whitten and *Washington Post* reporter Michael Gelter placed under surveillance. Shortly after the Watergate break-in, a paid informant of the Office of Security went to the home of Watergate burglar and C.I.A. man James McCord and helped McCord's wife burn documents that linked McCord to the agency. Howard Osborn instructed that the informant's file be removed prior to a post-Watergate review of agency files conducted by the C.I.A. inspector general's office. (When Osborn's staff vigorously protested, the instructions were withdrawn and the file remained.)

There is no documentary evidence that the agency is now conducting a police training program, but there surely is a relationship between the C.I.A. and the police—probably an expanding one. Even during the height of Congressional and media criticism of the antidemocratic implications of the agency's activities, C.I.A. chiefs William Colby and James Schlesinger would not rule out future police training programs. The future is now, and the C.I.A. has been authorized to combat domestic terrorism and to assist police.

Executive Order 12333 provides a legal umbrella that will permit the agency to dramatically extend those activities. Gone is the bulldog countenance of J. Edgar Hoover, who would have used his political clout to curb the C.I.A.'s expansion into the arena of local law enforcement.

The C.I.A.'s links to police departments will continue to be highly secretive, and the agency will continue to be highly selective as to which police officials will be considered its friends. Most departments will still not want to be publicly associated with the C.I.A. If the abuses of the past are to be avoided, vigilance at the local level may prove more effective than C.I.A. oversight structures in Washington. Mayors, the press, civilian review boards and city administrators must query police departments—especially intelligence units—about their relationships with the agency. Cities and towns should establish legal guidelines for such relationships. Local governments have the latitude to pursue questions of accountability and responsibility without assuming that "national security" must preclude answers.

In every city, big or small, questions about police ties to the C.I.A. are worth asking. As Senator J. William Fulbright put it, the real problem with such ties is: "If you start in teaching them [police] and become their patron and you are more sophisticated, they become your organization." □

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 8 PM

THE NATION MAGAZINE

PRESENTS

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Rich White Southern Women...

ELIZABETH FOX-GENOVESE

THE PLANTATION MISTRESS: Woman's World in the Old South. *By Catherine Clinton. Pantheon Books. 331 pp. $19.95.*

Milky white of skin, slow of speech, tiny of waist, light of foot, the Southern belle—and her mature incarnation, the plantation mistress—continues to exercise a powerful sway over the American imagination. *Gone With the Wind*, that best selling of best-selling novels, remains the source of most people's idea of the Southern lady.

Catherine Clinton proposes to replace Scarlett O'Hara with flesh and blood. To her task, she brings a feminist perspective; an awareness of racial oppression; a training in history; a distinct, if rather undisciplined, radicalism; and a taste for the work of Michel Foucault. These assorted tools, however, fail to fashion the study of Southern women we sorely need.

For Clinton is correct: the study of Southern women has not kept pace with the exciting new scholarship in Southern history and women's history. Julia Cherry Spruill's and Anne Firor Scott's pathbreaking works, which Clinton acknowledges, have not been followed by a rash of specialized studies. There has been a tendency toward what Clinton dubs the "New Englandization" of women's history and toward the masculinization of Southern history. Yet the seedtime of the Republic was as decisive for women as for men, and the study of Southern plantation mistresses in particular ought to illuminate significant, and largely ignored, facets of the history of American women and American slavery. Unfortunately, where we need careful, ordered research and discriminating analysis, Clinton offers indignation at racism, patriarchy and hierarchy—indignation that, however justified, cannot substitute for history.

Elizabeth Fox-Genovese is professor of American history and women's history at SUNY-Binghamton. She is the author, with Eugene Genovese, of Fruits of Merchant Capital: Slavery and Bourgeois Property in the Rise and Expansion of Capitalism *(Oxford).*

The Plantation Mistress examines and assesses the lives of white Southern women who lived on plantations that had twenty or more slaves, in seven seaboard states. Clinton consulted some 500 collections of family papers and correspondence—many of which had not been examined by scholars before—and references to them account for more than 90 percent of her footnotes. She takes up, in turn, various dimensions of the lives of her plantation mistresses: work, housekeeping (in effect, household management), kinship and marriage patterns, courtship, moral standards, the case of the fallen woman, education, health and childbirth, isolation and "the curse of slavery." Her final subject, the "sexual dynamics of slavery," spills garishly over into the concluding chapter, "Foucault Meets Mandingo."

Southern women, as Clinton reminds us, suffered under heavier household burdens than their Northern sisters. They married earlier, bore more children and were more likely to die young, frequently in childbirth. They had more servants and far more complicated households. Their men were more likely to be duelers, gamblers and whoremasters, frequently spreading their seed among the mistress's own maids. They lived in greater isolation, had less access to the company of other women, and for the most part lacked the satisfactions of voluntary associations and reform movements. Their education was less sustained and much less likely to result in opportunities for independent careers. Their numbered days, unfolding under the twin signs of slavery and patriarchy, commonly included addictive doses of laudanum.

Clinton announces early that she intends to tell a story, but it never takes shape. For the story would have had to examine the ways in which the myth of the Southern lady developed in the years following the Revolution. The closing years of the eighteenth century witnessed the tobacco depression, the promise of King Cotton and the last great tide of slaves from Africa. The first three decades or so of the nineteenth century saw the dominance of Southerners in national politics; the westward expansion of slavery; the rise in numbers of American-born slaves; the crises over Missouri and nullification; several slave revolts; the elaboration of the pro-slavery argument; and the emergence of the cult of the Southern lady. Ignoring most of these developments, Clinton fails to provide a context for her plantation mistresses, much less any notion of change over time.

Clinton also lumps together the seven seaboard states, three of which joined the Union only after the first decade of the nineteenth century, and all of which differed significantly from one another. Louisiana came trailing generations of French and Spanish influence, including a completely different legal system, a different pattern of race relations and a strong commitment to Catholicism. Virginia was in the process of decorous decline. South Carolina was gripped by economic crisis. Alabama and Mississippi, despite a dramatic cotton boom in the 1830s, remained largely frontier territory. These and other regional and temporal variations do not preclude the general analysis that Clinton has in mind, but they demand a synthesis that transcends rather than buries distinctions.

What connected a plantation mistress on the Mississippi frontier with one in Tidewater Virginia? Clinton finds the answer in slavery, which she reduces to economics, and patriarchy, which she elevates to a social system. Slavery was more than a matter of economics, though. Many historians equate the two precisely in order to minimize the distinct character of slave society; for them, plantation owners were merely capitalist farmers. If so, then Southern women ought not to have differed much from their Northern sisters—but, as Clinton shows, they did. In discussing slavery, she ignores the implications of her own research.

As for patriarchy, Clinton's picture of male planters superficially resembles W.E.B. DuBois's classic critique of the psychology of the slaveholder, but she divorces that self-image, that behavior, that sense of "honor" from the class and gender relations of slave society. Or rather, she reduces them to a simplistic notion of male conspiracy. But in reality, the patriarchy of the planters resembled the myth of the Southern lady in being half fact and half wish. No sensible person would question that glaring inequalities existed between priv-

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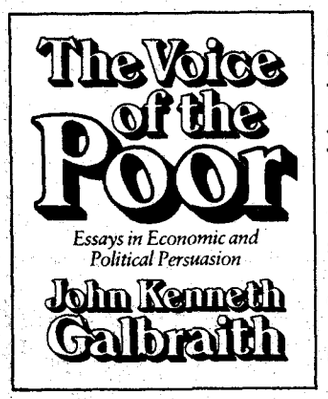
ileged men and women within that society, but no historian should settle for recasting those inequalities as the total victimization of women by men.

A synthesis of the role of women in the early consolidation of Southern slave society is gradually taking shape among historians, although the reader will get no hint of it from Clinton's notes. Among her many omissions, I find most glaring that of Suzanne Lebsock's fine dissertation, "Women and Economics in Virginia: Petersburg, 1784-1826," which is about to appear as a book, and which was begun under the direction of Willie Lee Rose (who also fails to get a mention). Unlike Clinton, Lebsock provides a detailed empirical examination of the lives of a specific group of Southern women.

Heavy reliance upon single letters and diary entries drawn from different-sized plantations in different regions at different times would only constitute adequate documentation if bolstered by a wide variety of other sources. But even taken by themselves, those documents require a more nuanced reading than Clinton provides. She may be correct, for example, that on some plantations the mistress distributed food to the slaves, but in the absence of any reference to the many planters who we know insisted on ceremoniously performing that task themselves, we must wonder about the extent and significance of this practice. Was the master away? If so, what meaning should we attribute to the mistress rather than the (male) overseer taking charge of that function? In matters concerning the social order of slave society, perhaps the wives of slaveowners enjoyed more authority than lesser men could claim on the basis of gender. If that is the case, Clinton should make clear that the predominance of class over gender relations is what she means by hierarchy.

Clinton launches her book by invoking the memory of Martin Luther King Jr. Here, too, it is hard to quarrel with her intentions: in our all-too-saintless age, King stands virtually alone. But it is hard to grasp the relation between what we now know of black people's travail and Clinton's picture of the plantation mistress as the exemplary victim of slave society. The concluding ritualistic invocation of Foucault more closely matches the general tenor of the book. Clinton borrows, but does not develop, Foucault's idea that the marginalized "idol" woman was the

John Kenneth Galbraith



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first social figure to be "sexualized"—invested with value but denied power. Clinton chose a good subject, one that should appeal to both the historian and the general reader. But the challenge of writing history for a wide audience should be met by demonstrating the significance and interest of academic research, not by tacking on the latest Paris fashion: Slavery was more than a sexual fantasy.

Clinton reveals her confusion about the experiences of the various victims of slave society when she chastises Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman for ignoring women in their book *Time on the Cross*. (Fogel and Engerman, by the way, have a better record of paying attention to black women than most Southern historians, male or female.) Clinton sees their insistence that on many plantations black drivers rather than white overseers directed the laborers as a slight to plantation mistresses, whom she considers the likely substitute for the overseer. This attempt to brand a well-deserved and well-documented tribute to black men as one more proof of the tenacity of patriarchy is really too much. Neither history nor our current dangerous politics needs such folly. □

...& Poor White Southern Women

BELL GALE CHEVIGNY

WOMENFOLKS: Growing Up Down South. *By Shirley Abbott. Ticknor & Fields. 210 pp. $13.95.*

"Who are we? What is this special thing we know? Who were these women we remember? Who was the first of us?" So Shirley Abbott's octogenarian Aunt Laura wrote to her, adding imperiously, "You can track her down." Aunt Laura's letter was the seed of *Womenfolks: Growing Up Down South*, an engaging memoir which is also a meditation on Southern women in history and myth.

Raised in Hot Springs, Arkansas, Abbott took refuge in New York City, where she was editor in chief of *Horizon* magazine for nearly twenty years. In *Womenfolks*, she returns to the South to trace her hillbilly origins through the female line. In the swaggering language of a backwoods tall tale, she evokes the seventeenth-century South surviving into the twentieth in Lizzie Ethridge, a rural granny of her own youth: "She had helped clear a homeplace and plant a crop. She had heard mountain lions scream at night, had watched a milk snake drink from a cow's udder in the light of dawn, had been saved by the Lord Jesus, and baptized in a running stream. Had ridden home alone bareback one night from a brush-arbor tabernacle, the horse at full gallop and a panther running behind."

Abbott's grandmother Lavisa Eugenia—named for an Indian and the French empress—worked a Mississippi farm alone after her husband died, until the death of her twins drove her back to her parents and eventual remarriage. She always called her second husband "Mr. Loyd," never paid taxes and soaked every wound in coal oil. Lavisa's mother, Eliza Moore McElroy, looks out from an 1899 photograph, the "bitter snap" in her eye, what Abbott's father called "that damned, insolent hillbilly look," signaling her Cherokee ancestry.

Like nesting Russian dolls, one project lies inside another: the pursuit of one woman's life story becomes an inquiry into the distortions and oversights of standard history. To find out about Eliza, who had migrated with her family from Mississippi to Arkansas to build a new village, Abbott researched both the Indians and the Scotch-Irish, from whom many Southerners are descended. Southern Indians, she reminds us, "are submerged in a stratum of historical invisibility even more obscure than the one reserved for blacks, because their story goes against a cherished piece of Southern conventional wisdom—the lunatic old myth of racial purity." Going beyond our "selective memory," which holds only Pocahontas, she tells us that on the eve of being driven off their land by Andrew Jackson, the Cherokees were publishing a national bilingual newspaper in their capital, New Echoba, Georgia, and all but 5 percent of them

Bell Gale Chevigny is author of The Woman and the Myth: Margaret Fuller's Life and Writings *(Feminist Press/Indiana University Press). She teaches North and Latin American literature at SUNY-Purchase.*

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lived on single-family farms. Intermarriage with whites was common. Abbott sees the living presence of the Indians not only in the wild game, dried beans, ground corn and local herbs of Southern cooking but also in the backwoods conviction that "politicians are the source of all disillusionment."

Abbott tracks the flight of the Scotch-Irish, first from Scottish, then from Irish misery, and finally from the Tidewater aristocrats. She reads eighteenth-century travel journals and distinguishes her mountain people from the "rubes and nitwits" cherished by the media and from the yeoman farmers of Jefferson's dream and the self-made gentry of Wilbur Cash's classic, *The Mind of the South*. In Abbott's hands, the mountain people are an independent, hardy and uncommonly egalitarian group of men and women who gained so little from law and order and from progress that anarchy became identical with self-interest.

Throughout *Womenfolks*, family anecdotes demystify history. Abbott's droll failure to be born again as a hard-shell Baptist spurs her exploration of the early centuries of that church, and she tells us of its radical and democratic qualities and its usefulness in taming men. Her mother's refusal to act the lady when her husband provides her with a servant leads Abbott to reflect on the Southern lady, the "most satisfactory of social creatures, an uncomplaining, unquestioning collaborator." Drawing on Civil War journals, *Gone With the Wind* and the work of revisionist historians, Abbott shows that the paradoxical image of the lady—mothering the black as child while needing protection from the black as savage—was made to support both apologies for slavery and the myth of Southern chivalry.

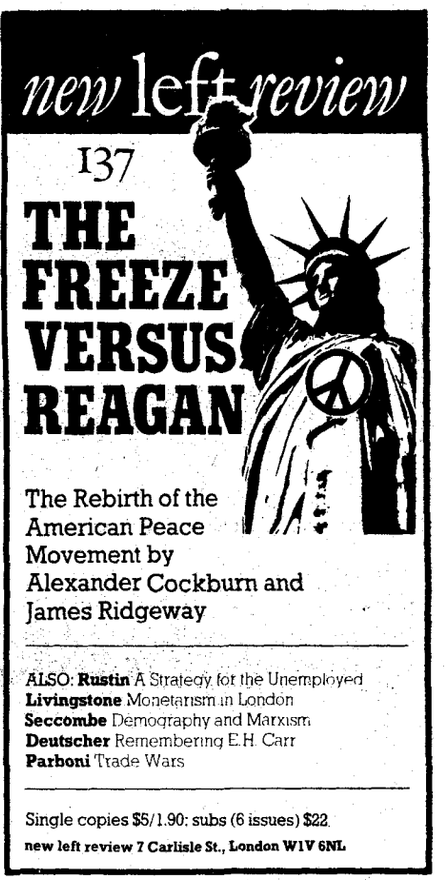
But Abbott does not aim simply to demystify. Her deepest inquiry—the innermost doll—and her subtlest writing meditates on the way in which myths, however ill founded, color the lives of Southerners. Her father, a bookie and drifter from Indiana, adopted the South; he schooled his daughter in classical literature, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Civil War history, seeing everywhere glorious lost causes and invasions of barbarian hordes. Abbott notes shrewdly that this Southern vision of history was made to order for the whipped and defiant, Southerner or not.

To Abbott's womenfolks, no ideology of history adhered, though each had to come to terms with the premarital myth of the belle and the postmarital one of the lady. History moved through them as traditional behavior. Abbott's mother, Velma, broke with tradition by moving to town and marrying a gambler but kept it by loving her mother and sister far more than her husband. This haunting, inarticulate figure followed a custom only she understood of making herself up glamorously one night a month to go out alone to the movies.

Abbott's attitude toward these women is understandably equivocal. She had repudiated their gritty self-sacrifice; here she acclaims their independence. This contradictory sense of them is never resolved. (One believes they *were* both subordinate and insubordinate, just as one accepts Abbott's rendering of hillbilly speech, on the one hand generous, on the other closemouthed and self-denying.) While Abbott admires the passionate bonding of these women, she also laments their distrust of men and fear of sex. Although she finds them lacking when measured by some standards of contemporary feminism, they in turn cause her to question some feminist fashions—the fetish of analysis and articulation, for instance. Stylistically as well as ideologically, Abbott stands between flight and return, criticism and defense, and her writing is by turns caustic and feistily proud.

Most interesting, finally, is Abbott's original approach to her subject—fleshing out the past with autobiography, invoking history to explain the personal. Too many questions, perhaps, are broached and then dropped: her discussions of such issues as race and the image of the Southern lady summarize existing interpretations gracefully but perfunctorily. The book's most memorable moments are the personal ones, the ones least tractable to theory: Abbott's moving evocations of her mother's mute yearnings and of the ardent care the womenfolks lavished on the dead. Consider this description of visiting the family graves, which carves new elegiac territory out of the recent past:

> On summer afternoons we'd pile into my mother's green Chevrolet—my aunt Vera, her daughter June (four years my senior), and often also some massive, aged female relation. Somehow we'd fit ourselves into the front and back seats, the women in print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dresses and hairnets and no stockings, we two kids in shorts, and Mother would gun on down the road at 40 m.p.h. with every window open.

The boredom for my cousin June and me was as heavy as passion. Our mothers never packed a picnic basket or even a thermos of lemonade or any refreshments beyond a package of chewing gum, which they meted out late in the day half-a-stick at a time. . . .

In one sun-bleached old churchyard after another, the women would read the stones and recite the names and vital dates of those neglected souls who lacked markers. One or all of them would end up sobbing before we got back into the car. Somebody had to cry or else the afternoon would have been a waste. I always looked forward to the weeping. □

Farewell bouquets to Elena Brunet, who has joined the staff of *The New York Review of Books* as an assistant editor. Our new assistant literary editor is Richard Kaye, a former *Nation* intern and a recent graduate of the University of Chicago.

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BRUCE BENNETT

ON TOUR WITH RITA. *By Nicholas Christopher. Alfred A. Knopf. 110 pp. $11.95. Paper $6.95.*

VISITING RITES. *By Phyllis Janowitz. Princeton University Press. 83 pp. $10.95. Paper $5.95.*

The tour Nicholas Christopher conducts in *On Tour with Rita* is whirlwind; we are whisked from place to place and from past to present to future, borne on a rush of images, dazzled by an array of scenes, scents, colors. Orientation of a sort is provided by two epigraphs, Hart Crane's "Who is the/woman with/ us in the dawn?" and Jung's "The dreamer is sitting opposite the unknown woman," which point to the elusiveness of objects of desire, a theme Christopher repeatedly returns to. In "Serenade," for example, the suit has been favored, the suitor invited inside, yet:

> just when you feel satisfied,
> heavy-eyed, you catch a disturbing
> strain from the garden below—
> your guitar, your light touch,
> the one song you forgot to play,
> the one that will take her away . . .

For all the shimmer, Christopher implies, there is little of substance to grasp amid the phantasmagoria and nowhere to stand and be secure. At the end of "The Road from Pisa to Florence," the poet's painter friend "blacks over his lines/ And pockets his pad":

> "We never see a place," he says,
> "Until we leave it behind." Yes,
> And by then it has become someplace else.

Still, there is the tour. Rita, a rambunctious creation reminiscent of Stevens's Crispin and Berryman's Henry, carouses and cavorts through the twenty-one-poem central sequence, touching down at locations exotic and otherwise—Mexico, the Greek islands, Marseilles, Vermont, New Orleans, New York. In "Solos I" and "Solos II," the sections which precede and follow Rita's, the poet, assisted by personae and voices, tussles high-spiritedly with problems of meaning. He knows one can never be assured of the significance of one's efforts ("Writing Poetry"), and that the journey on which he has embarked may not have—indeed, probably doesn't have—a destination. Yet, "Words keep all things as one would want them to be," and besides, he cherishes the possibility of being surprised. "The Soloist," the next to last poem, concludes:

> . . . in the end the woman
> Who avoids words, who approaches pantomime,
> She will ascend, shadow-winged, out of the thicket,
> To amaze us.

"Things fall apart" could be the motto for Phyllis Janowitz's *Visiting Rites*. Bodies, minds, relationships, even "worlds may break to bits," while the poet and assorted personae—Mrs. Lucky, Letitia—seek, and do not find, "some fundamental glue." All is a shambles; disease and decay menace from every quarter; people are in extreme states, if not *in extremis*. There are no solutions or remedies; compensations don't compensate; consolations don't console. Nor is there any escape. "Long before the hour/of conception," the poet asserts in "Music of Stars and Wheels," "deception begins." In "Visiting Rites" she confirms that the pattern is ineluctable:

> . . . Something
>
> hidden but familiar will repeat
> the same design—it is not
> a question of illness or cure.

"Betrayed! That's what it means to be human," expostulates Mrs. Lucky. "First acceptance, then rage, then reiteration." "Dignity is a hindrance," she adds in the next poem.

Yet Mrs. Lucky also insists:

> . . . Listen, listen
> I want to say (as if it would make a difference)
> without order there can be no love, not even
>
> tenderness, the only possible purpose
> under a dying sun—the only one.
> ("Mrs. Lucky")

And there is dignity aplenty in these poems, hindrance or no; love and tenderness too. In "Juice," the "small person with twisted/extremities and unyielding/stiffness in the elbows and knees" may be deluding herself in believing her vitamin C pill will get her through the day, but she proceeds nonetheless, "hoping to come to her

Bruce Bennett is a poet who teaches at Wells College in Aurora, New York.

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own forgiving,/a celebration like a wedding/with everyone smiling and a little/looped on pink champagne." Janowitz writes poignantly and with compassion about the rage-enslaved ("Mendota River Inn") and those trapped in illusion ("Celebration"); about the young ("Archaeology"), who will repeat their elders' mistakes and, like them, "spend much of their lives/hunting lost and buried bones." She reserves special compassion for the old. In "Waiting for Father in Pawling, N.Y.," she prepares all morning for a picnic by the pond, and for what will not be said then:

. . . We won't

speak of my solitude, how
fear for me makes you cry.
We won't wonder why your

left leg is dragging
more than ever. I'll say,
"I can't remember such

a good time, can you?"

Updating Auden, Letitia observes, "We must love one another and die." *Visiting Rites* uncompromisingly and movingly instructs us in the process. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

New York City

Bronislava Nijinska's "Les Biches" ("The Does" or "The Coquettes") was regarded as a work of astringent modernity when Diaghilev's Ballets Russes first performed it in 1924. Six decades later it seems an indisputable masterpiece of the classical imagination. The ballet has just been restaged by the choreographer's daughter, Irina, for the Dance Theatre of Harlem. The company settled into it during a month of performances at City Center early this year, and although a few details noted in the histories are absent, the formal glory is there. The first week, the cast looked thwarted and anxious; by the last week, the dancers were on top of the robust and melodic Poulenc score, and one could trace what Nijinska had achieved. Like "Les Sylphides," to which it has been compared, "Les Biches" creates atmosphere and implies drama entirely through dancing; it contains not a moment of pantomime, but says much about momentary chic and timeless values.

The setting is a French Mediterranean house party in the 1920s, with swaggering boys who regularly fire off bellicose *tours en l'air*, several species of slightly peaked *jeunes filles en fleur* and an older Hostess tricked out in ostrich plumes and ropes of pearls, a cigarette holder clamped between her teeth. Photographs of the original production suggest the characters are meant to be in their early 30s, sophisticated, even jaded. Of the duet for the lesbians, Jean Cocteau wrote, "They are profoundly actuated by a singular friendship. They perform their disdainful dance." In this production the median age seemed about 20, except for the giggling lesbians, who looked even younger. The poetic center of the piece is an androgynous figure usually nicknamed "La Garçonne," inscrutable as a mannequin. Her page-boy hair, fully exposed legs and hieroglyphic gestures—italicized by white gloves—create an unprecedented image of the ballerina, and the tension between her instinctive *bourrées* and abstracted rocking goes straight to one's heart.

Much of the satirical fun of the ballet results from the collision of Nijinska's uncompromising and unforgiving intelligence (Diaghilev called her "intemperate and anti-social") and the preciosity of the designer, Marie Laurencin. It's Laurencin's drop-waisted tea gowns and watercolor palette of blues, grays and pinks (more like salmon at Dance Theatre) that establish the social milieu that Nijinska's driving choreography indicts. One thinks, for example, of the Hostess's perpetual jumping, which without respite flings her pearls in her face. At Dance Theatre, the role of the Hostess, once danced by Nijinska herself, is taken by Lorraine Graves, a tall beauty with good strong legs who commands the steps but not the largeness of impulse or the satiety. The most finished performance is Virginia Johnson's as La Garçonne; she has the mischievous eyes and noncommittal mouth of Louise Brooks, and points like the tips of bayonets.

"Les Biches" was one of seven ballets given company premieres during Dance Theatre's ambitious season. Agnes de Mille's "Fall River Legend" was especially well performed; it had some of the best dance-acting to come through the city in years. (Lowell Smith, who played the Pastor, could conjure up Venus from a dish towel.) In almost everyone's classical technique I missed the elasticity of rhythm that, from the audience, reads as free will; but the percussive downward stress that is the company's trademark made for some fine theatrical effects in familiar repertory like "Swan Lake" and "The Firebird."

Talking is talking/Dancing is dancing. Douglas Dunn, a dancer/choreographer fascinated by silence and stillness, wrote those words in the mid-1970s in a tribute to Merce Cunningham, with whose company Dunn once performed. In late 1974, as an exercise in "not dancing," Dunn put his body on exhibit for several hours at a time, lying under a spotlight, rigid as a dead man, beads of sweat inching down his cheeks. (This "Performance Exhibit 101" is recorded in a film by Amy Greenfield.) Today, such arduous—and, for a dancer, perverse—effort seems as far removed from what the young adventurers of modern dance are up to as the burial rites of Tutankhamen. Steps are in, and

Mindy Aloff is a senior critic at Dance Magazine *and editor of* Vassar Quarterly.

THE WISH

The mind is a plant
stuck in dark heavy water

each night it opens
demanding to be fed

friends whiskey books
it remembers every failure

imperfection please
I whisper into the wound

of my ear forgive
the lives wasted

the shame digested
wake from this dross

of consanguinity
breaking like surf

even in the arms of strangers
where I wade through the mud

of inherited nightmares
looking for the end of longing

the grease of sunlight
like a sleepwalker

lost in a world
of dark abstractions

writing the story of his life
in invisible ink

Philip Schultz

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literary devices are hot: characters, narratives, "paranarratives." In February, at Dance Theatre Workshop, the Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theater offered an articulate program in which dancing was virtually talk—and of a sophisticated order, with whole monologues and dialogues tapped out by characters in Conrad's self-reflective "melodramas." These days, one can hear more lines declaimed in downtown dance spaces than in the theaters around Shubert Alley, where musicals offer pas de deux in place of dialogue.

In his SoHo loft this January, Dunn presented an hourlong work featuring not only six dancers (including himself) and lots of steps but also two poets (Anne Waldman and Reed Bye) reciting twenty-three pages of ideas about inspiration and the process of writing. Called "The Secret of the Waterfall," the production was awash with cryptic images. Some of the most attractive were contained in the backdrop, Mimi Gross's warmly colored mural of a domestic interior. As the poets stalked each other, scripts in hand and tongues in cheek, the dancers gravely and efficiently underscored literary points with choreographic phrases. The effect was ghostly conversation—Dunn made the dancers and poets inhabit contiguous realities, like tenants and poltergeists in a haunted house. I was also impressed by the evenness of the momentum and the forthrightness of the gestures; Dunn's own were direct as telegrams. His barbed accents and subtle tread gave the mildest combination a memorable ring, and his startling leap at the end had the impact of a name involuntarily spoken. Dunn knows how dance can speak without wasting words. Younger choreographers might well listen.

At the New York Public Library at Lincoln Center there is currently a show of photographs and memorabilia commemorating the history of the School of American Ballet, founded by George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein nearly fifty years ago. Among the photos is one by Martha Swope showing Linda Merrill (Merrill Ashley), Gelsey Kirkland and Colleen Neary lined up in identical jumps during a 1967 school performance. Ashley modestly looks toward the floor, Kirkland's gaze pursues her upraised arm, Neary flamboyantly turns her full face to the audience. One is astonished by how accurately the picture shows the way these girls would dance as mature artists. It's a homage to dance photography, as Edwin Denby's prophetic reviews of the young Merce Cunningham and Paul Taylor are homages to dance criticism. □

POMP & CIRCUMSTANCES.

A Woman's Place Is in the Aquarium

I have often thought that among themselves women communicate in the manner of dolphins, precisely measuring their relative positions in the social sea by means of sonar-like signals inaudible to the ears of men, but this is another subject and not one that I would care to press at a dance sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union.

Lewis H. Lapham, "La Différence," Op-Ed page, The New York Times

Quiet, Please, I'm Studying

Joyce Carol Oates, looking at Mr. Grass through her rose-tinted glasses, challenged the idea that a writer should necessarily be an activist. "There is no single role for authors," she said. "In fact, there's a built-in hypocrisy in writers stepping forward and feeling they have a right to speak on any issue. They should first educate themselves, such as by studying law, before disputing government leaders."

"German Book Fair a Stage for Debate on Activism," The New York Times

Now Why Didn't You Think of That?

America is an irresistible theme for American writers.

Michael Wood, The New York Times Book Review

Contributors: R. Cohen, K. Pollitt. *Readers are invited to submit items along the lines of the above to this column, which will appear occasionally. Win a* Nation *T-shirt!*

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

La Nuit de Varennes
The State of Things

La Nuit de Varennes, from the Italian director Ettore Scola, is the season's most sumptuous film. It is also by far the most verbose, and one can understand why. The central figures are Restif de la Bretonne, Casanova and Thomas Paine, three men celebrated in their day, and ever since, for the profusion and excellence of their aphorisms. The temptation to quote their nifties must have been irresistible. Furthermore, Scola, who wrote the screenplay with Sergio Amidei, decided to buttress his picaresque fable with some consideration of the contending political passions that were convulsing France on the night Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette fled Paris in 1791. Scola chose his witnesses (the Queen's lady-in-waiting, an industrialist, a revolutionary student, a landowner, an aging soprano) to represent and speak at some length for the clashing doctrines. France's King and Queen never make a full appearance, but one sees their feet, hears their voices and senses their anxiety.

The bulk of the picture is devoted to an arduous journey north from Paris, during which the travelers volley ripostes with the dexterity and persistence of well-matched tennis players. The dialogue is elegant, though I doubt modern audiences will be much seized by the historical underpinnings of the movie's light-opera enticements.

These last are alluring. One gazes into the eighteenth century as into a confectioner's window, captured by the delicacies on display. The most flavorful of these are the three chance-met chroniclers of the age, played by actors of rarely excelled panache. Jean-Louis Barrault is Restif, Marcello Mastroianni is Casanova and Harvey Keitel is Paine. The central joy of the picture is in watching Barrault and Mastroianni relish each other's histrionic powers, while Keitel, as the somewhat righteous representative of the sturdy young republic across the sea, plays straight man to his companions' aged, rueful gallantries.

The story begins as Restif becomes aware of unusual activity at the palace,

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where the French monarchs have been pent since the fall of the Bastille. The nosiest of men, Restif is at the square from which the coaches depart, and sees the beautiful Countess Sophie de la Borde (Hanna Schygulla) leaving with her hairdresser, her black maid and some jealously guarded bundles. Paine, by chance, is also on the coach.

Convinced that the royal couple is fleeing toward allies across the border, Restif determines to follow. Early on the road he comes upon Casanova, himself in flight from a noble household where he had been reduced to jester. By some deft twists of plot, they join Sophie on the coach. There is no evidence that the Parisian and the Venetian ever met, but they almost certainly knew each other's works and appreciated each other's notorious reputations. In any case, the pleasure provided by their encounter is too great to be dismissed for mere lack of documentation.

The long exodus, marked by accidents on the road, feasts in boisterous inns and graceful flirtations, halts at Varennes. The King and Queen have taken refuge in the house of the harassed mayor (played with comic anguish by Jean-Louis Trintignant), and from there they are winkled out by the aroused *jacquerie* and shipped back to Paris and the guillotine. Casanova and Restif take ceremonious leave of each other, and the curtain drops on a footnote to French history that is as felicitous as fiction can devise.

Wim Wenders's *The State of Things*, contrary to the first impression, is not a film about making a movie; it is a film about what makes a movie. A shoestring company, on location in Portugal to shoot a tale of post-atomic desolation, unexpectedly runs out of film. Gordon, the producer (Allen Goorwitz), flies to Hollywood to seek more of it. Days pass with no word from him, and Friedrich, the director (Patrick Bauchau), sets out in pursuit.

He finds Gordon hiding in a mobile home. It seems that the producer had backed the movie with money entrusted to him for laundering by local gangsters, who are much wroth because their ill-earned money has been spent on a work that will have, they think, little narrative appeal. The fat, intelligent, very Hollywoodish Gordon complains to Friedrich, the German artist, that in movies the basic ingredient is story. Not necessarily, says Friedrich; the shifting

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distances between people can also support a film.

The films of Wenders (*Wrong Move, Kings of the Road, The American Friend* and others) place him among the most venturesome of the current German directors. *The State of Things* is a story until the cameras run dry. It then moves into a middle section, in which cast and crew mark time. There is no story, but considerable movement of a candid camera nature among the stranded personnel. One gets to know a good deal about these enforced idlers, and they are interesting, as most people are when closely observed. Finally, the movie gains new momentum with the melodramatic story of Friedrich, Gordon and their bloodthirsting angels.

Asked in an interview whether Friedrich expresses his view of movies, Wenders said, "He speaks for half of me. There is a never-ending dilemma between stories and reality . . . between the two poles of 'life' and 'fiction.'" He speaks for half of me as well. I rather enjoyed the hour spent hobnobbing with the players, but if Wenders had not shipped Friedrich off to California, I fear I might be hobnobbing still. Wenders added that when he started to make *The State of Things*, he "questioned storytelling entirely. But then the film, almost against my own will, re-established storytelling." As Gordon might have advised him, with movies that's the bottom line. □

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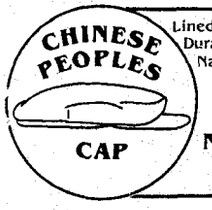

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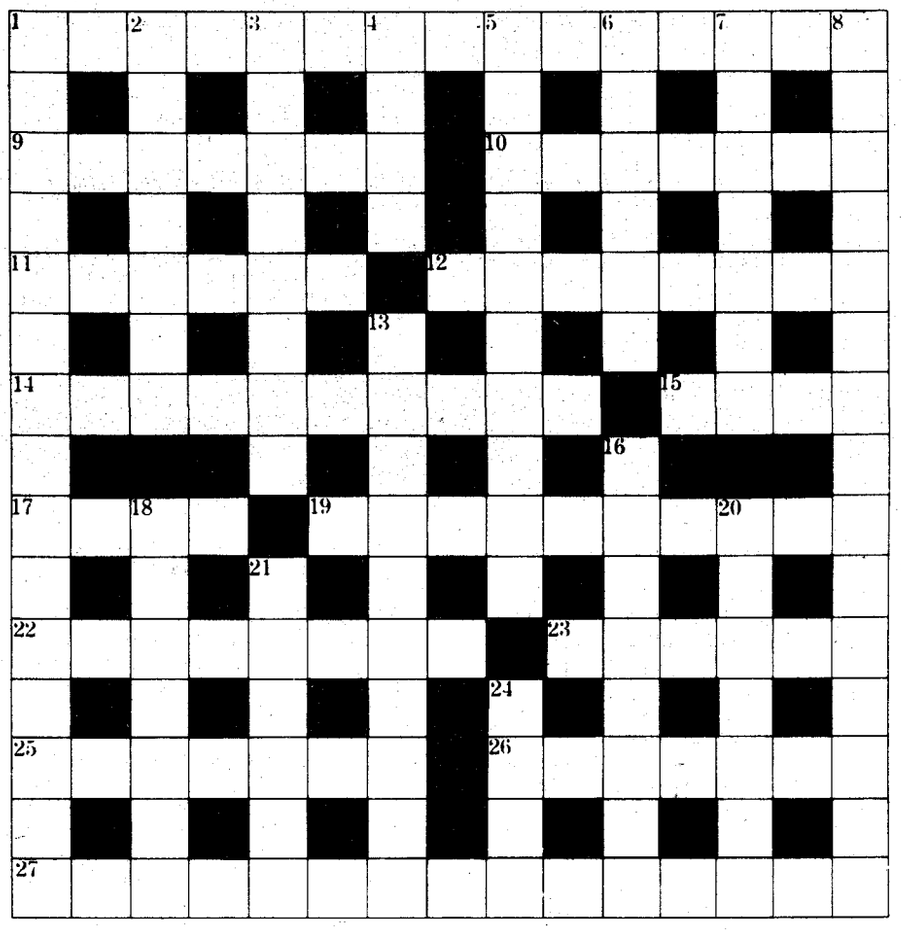

ACROSS

1 One might be told to maintain close relations with Arabs as a sort of equivalent. (Maintenance of apparel is implied in this case.) (4,4,5,2)
9 If you are, it's almost like being in a class by yourself. (7)
10 What unemployed Ali was looking for? (7)
11 With a jailbreak, he hangs back around it, being something of a prophet. (6)
12 The environment of what some like to listen to might prove a pest—but it's just a projection on the turnover. (8)
14 If businessmen hope to sell things in this, it doesn't mean they share the outside stalls. (4,6)
15 Possibly a food complaint. (4)
17 Sort of what one might do to a letter. (4)
19 The animal always took food, as one might solemnly declare. (10)
22 Dewey, Mann or Hutchins, for example. (8)
23 You can make it out of the last of electronic fruit. (6)
25 Does one bounce, or just throw the shells out? (7)
26 One does with cooperation, but it's a rather jocular rebuff! (2,5)
27 The solution won't take any more here—rain sat upon it to make it. (10,5)

DOWN

1 Sounds as though young Tom is down in Florida, making a little music. (6,2,3,4)
2 Possibly a net result with a biblical mocker. (Myrtle did it in song.) (7)
3 Should be able to stretch several feet on each side of the body, and sail under them, perhaps. (8)
4 Bring to ruin, when run down internally. (4)
5 Concerti, possibly—or musical comedy numbers. (4,6)
6 One used to throw a block in it. (You can get a dessert carton out of it, in any case.) (6)
7 Just a few drops to fool the French? (7)
8 Continuing evening performance that suggests Sir Lancelot chasing Sir Mordred? (5,5,5)
13 One might have lost his head at one time as a star actor, I figured out. (10)
16 Part of the fruit would make a beautiful creature find fault! (8)
18 Does the possible uptrend get us wisely cautious? (7)
20 Not necessarily a churchman's statement, valid independently of observation. (1,6)
21 To persistently beat one at the plate? (6)
24 Adagio, taking no notice of the premium. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1954

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